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Curiously attractive are the heavy, corded weaves of the Border Counties. North go Sanderson and bring them back. Curious how for centuries certain families in Milan and Venice have woven damasks and brocades of a brilliancy which . . . South go Sanderson. You could do the same if you had the time, the patience, the constitution, the secret knowledge, the import licences, the travel allowances and the languages.

It may be, at the end of twenty years, you'd have found a few of the treasures which await you *now* at Berners Street.



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OF BERNERS STREET



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Yet that is precisely the condition of fully half our farms. Two-thirds of our farms are without electricity. About half our regular farmworkers are without cottages, fewer than half our farmhouses and cottages are supplied with piped water. The standard of farm roads and access to

fields is much lower than it should be. It is not surprising that food production is lower than we want, that costs are high or that many farmers and farmworkers find life a hard struggle for bare existence. Yet what is done to help? Farmers farming good land are crippled by super-tax. Those needing capital for expansion are subjected to loans at interest as high as 5½%! Is this really the sensible way to get that vital extra food?

Tax relief must be given to farmers. Long-term loans at low interest must be offered. The land is our finest investment. Let us not forget it!

GROW MORE FOOD IN BRITAIN

This announcement is issued in the interests of British agriculture by Harry Ferguson Ltd.

Ferguson tractors are manufactured for Harry Ferguson Ltd., Coventry by The Standard Motor Company Ltd.

Everywhere . . .

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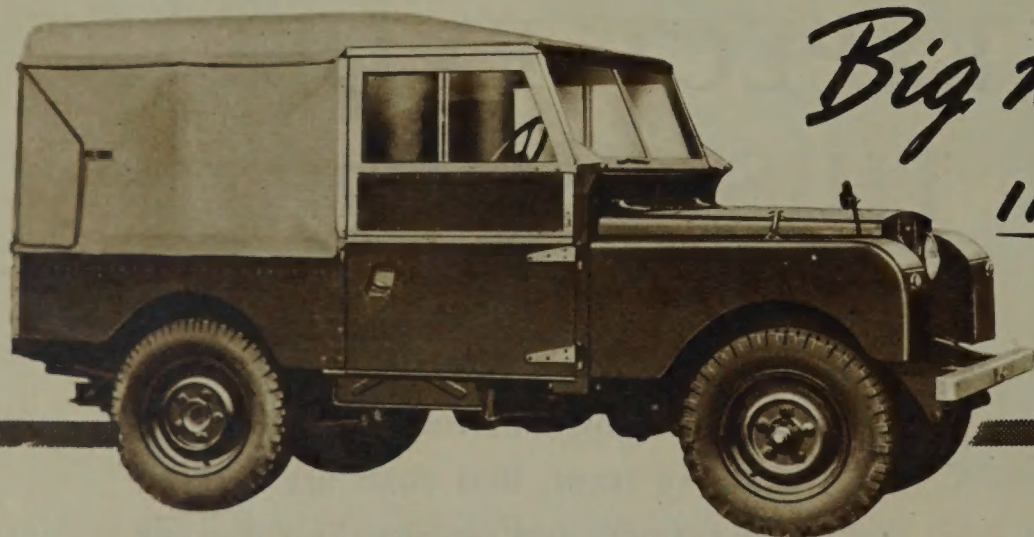
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In the Rural District of Shepton Mallet, Somerset.

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Big new features **FOR THE**
IMPROVED LAND-ROVER

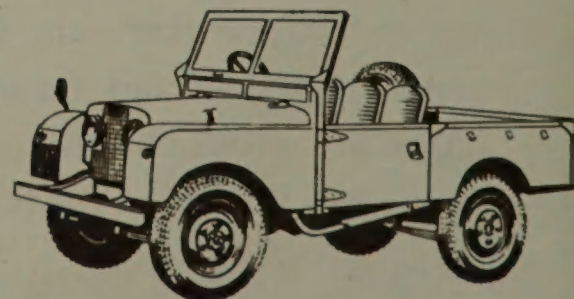
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By increasing the wheelbase to 86" (a foot longer overall) the designers have given the improved Land-Rover a 25% bigger bulk carrying capacity. This extends the already impressive range of tasks for which this sturdy vehicle is suitable. At the same time the greater axle movement resulting from the longer propeller shaft gives much improved suspension. Facia instruments are scaled-up, there is a full-width parcel shelf and improved pedal arrangement for greater comfort and safety.

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Few men have the ideal proportions of the man in an advertisement: some are shorter and broader, some thinner and taller than others. That's why Harrods carry such amazingly comprehensive size ranges . . . to ensure a good fit for every man, no matter what his proportions. For instance, you can choose a suit from a range of 189 fittings . . . in styles, colours and materials right for every occasion; and shirts with up to a 19-in. collar and 3 sleeve lengths to each size . . . in a host of patterns and shades. Yes, from every point of view—selection, quality and price—you've a better choice at Harrods Man's Shop.

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...others, solitude



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SMOKERS PREFER

STATE EXPRESS 555

The Best Cigarettes in the World -



Cavalry twill leisure-wise

Cavalry twill belongs today wherever there are brambles, rambles, fairways and five-barred gates. Tough, wind-resisting and proofed, it appears at all the best places not only as riding wear, but as these handsome and very English leisure clothes for outdoor-minded men and women.

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For men: handsome belted 'Breex', the very latest thing in sports trousers, with five pockets, leather-bound turnups and a clever new buckle, for approximately 5½ guineas; all-purpose hacking jackets, tough but well-mannered, magnificently tailored and ready to wear, for about 10 guineas.

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1953.



BRITAIN'S SECOND CLAIMANT FOR THE WORLD'S AIR SPEED RECORD WITHIN THREE WEEKS: LIEUT.-COMMANDER LITHGOW'S SUPERMARINE SWIFT SCREAMING OVER THE DESERT, NEAR CASTEL IDRIS, LIBYA.

Of the three attempts made on September 25 and 26 by Lieut.-Commander Lithgow in a Supermarine *Swift* to beat the world air speed record of 727.6 m.p.h. set up on September 7 by Squadron Leader Duke in a Hawker *Hunter*, the Vickers-Supermarine Co. selected the four runs made on September 25, in which an average speed of 737.3 miles (or 1183 km.) per hour was reached, for submission to the International Aeronautical Federation at Paris. This was the first of the three attempts made over the desert course near Castel Idris, in Libya, and

consisted of runs of 743.6, 729.5, 745.3 and 730.7 m.p.h. In the first of the two attempts made on the following day there was difficulty with the recording instruments owing to the very great heat, and in the second attempt, when the reheat system to augment the Rolls-Royce *Avon* engine was used, this system failed during the first run. A portrait of Lieut.-Commander Lithgow in the cockpit of the Supermarine *Swift* appears on page 502. It is expected that this new record will soon be challenged by Squadron Leader Duke in the *Hunter*.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

"THEY look a flood," a seventeenth-century Englishman wrote of the politicians of his day, "and break down all." The attributes of this very human tribe, though far better, as Sir Winston Churchill has pointed out, than those of a ruling monarch's courtiers or a dictator's "stooges," remain much as they have always been. Their careers depend on keeping themselves personally in the public eye and, save for an exceptional few—exceptional in circumstance and exceptional in character—the politicians of our age, like their predecessors, are prepared to go to what, to ordinary men not in politics, seem remarkable lengths to keep themselves there. After all, they could not for long remain politicians if they did not do so, and how can we, who are responsible for taking them at their own loud-spoken valuation and giving them our votes, blame them for this? It is the boys who beat the big drum who usually get our votes, and those who pay the piper, as we do, presumably like the tune we call. Otherwise we would not call it.

I see that one of our Parliamentary rulers, who achieved fame outside his own industrial constituency a few years ago by describing English farmers as "feather-bedded," has now made a still bolder bid for fame, and, I suppose, future Cabinet rank, by referring to them in a speech as the "gimme boys." This is not a very encouraging way of referring to those who earn their living by financing, directing and, in most cases, physically participating in the highly speculative work of raising two-thirds of the daily bread of this over-industrialised, over-populated and exceedingly vulnerable island; but, as its author would no doubt point out, it is not meant to be. It is intended, it seems, as an insult. And from the point of view of drawing attention to the speaker it is an effective one and, in a nation the vast majority of whose voters are townsmen, electorally speaking, a safe one. Yet the question that strikes a student of this country's recent history is: Is it a very wise or responsible one? Apart from the question of whether, in a world growing increasingly short of food for its rapidly multiplying population, it is sound statesmanship—it may well be sound politics—to bite the hand that feeds one, one wants to know what degree of justice there is in the jibe. Are British farmers, as their critic implies, producing the food they sell at an inordinately high cost and feathering their nests, in an anti-social and unpatriotic way, in the process, or is the accusation a reckless and groundless one that lays its maker open to a charge, if not of lack of patriotism, of lack of responsibility? For when accusations of this kind are made in public against a profession or trade as a whole, they ought to be subjected to most careful scrutiny. For it is certain that the mere fact of making such an accusation will cause many uninformed persons to believe it and to act, and vote, on that belief. And in an intensely urbanised society that could very easily starve, this may be a very dangerous thing to do.

When I first became at all closely associated with an agricultural community thirty years ago, the British farmer was going through a very lean period. After forty years of ever-mounting imports of foreign foodstuffs, produced at artificially low prices, and a brief period when, to save the country from starvation, farmers were encouraged to grow all the food they could regardless of the financial consequences to themselves—only to be "sold out" by the politicians when the war ended—the domestic agricultural producer had just been left to face the full force of foreign competition again. The unfairness of that competition lay, not merely in the fact that the farm-workers of their competitors in many primary-producing countries were being paid at starvation wages, unmitigated by the social services for which the British producer was rightly taxed, but in the methods of cultivation that were being employed in the great virgin producing-lands overseas. Those lands, as we now know, were being farmed in a manner which aimed—and succeeded—in putting as little into the land as possible and taking as much out as possible. It exhausted and finally destroyed the top-soil and created what are popularly known as dust-bowls—the modern equivalent of the deserts created by the equally reckless early city-civilisations of the East, Middle East and North Africa. But as there was still plenty of virgin land, particularly in the Western Hemisphere, the process continued for a time without noticeable results, the exploiters moving on to new soil as soon as they had exhausted the old, rather in the

manner of the Mad Hatter's tea-party. This was good for trade in England for, by supplying cheap food, it enabled manufacturers to pay low wages and so increase the sales of their products abroad. But it was death for English agriculturalists who could not, without employing similar methods, sell at the prices at which their overseas competitors produced food for the British market. They accordingly ceased to farm intensively and contented themselves with earning a bare livelihood by concentrating on those activities for which Britain's soil and climate were exceptionally well-suited, like breeding pedigree livestock and raising milk—a product in which the home producer had in any case a natural geographical advantage. But the agricultural yield per acre of Britain's soil fell disastrously, the land was starved of capital, and the return and wages of the British farmer and farm-worker were miserably low. In the 1920's the latter had to support himself and his family on thirty-two shillings a week, and many small farmers, as I know from my own observation, were driven out of business altogether. This tragic state of affairs—tragic, that is, for anyone who loved the English countryside and its magnificent population and knew something of its wonderful farming record—continued, with a brief break during the first German war, for roughly half a century. By the end of that time the English rural worker—in the 1870's the most highly skilled and industrious in the world—had been so

discouraged and depressed that he had become a member of a virtually dying craft. Its older members, who still possessed the ancient skill and standards, were slowly dying off, and the younger men of the villages were no longer entering the industry but drifting away to the towns or taking employment in the local factories or brick works which were everywhere springing up in a neglected countryside. Those who continued in their fathers' footsteps had often only a fraction of their ancient skill and adopted, all too often and naturally enough, the lower standards of obligation prevailing among the industrial population. And the farmers, with a few notable exceptions, had long given up the almost hopeless struggle to maintain the highest possible output per acre. Their aim, instead, had become solely the highest possible financial return in relation to the labour and costs of production—a very different thing. They could not be blamed, for only the exceptional man or the farmer with a rich landlord or large-scale capital behind him, could afford to do anything else. The standard of living of many small farmers was deplorably low; one, a neighbour of mine, could not even afford to buy furniture, and lived surrounded mostly by packing-cases. Those whose lives were spent in towns seldom realised that such a state of affairs existed.

Such was the situation when war broke out again in 1939. During the next six years the agricultural production of this country was almost doubled. Had it not been we should have suffered defeat. That farmers and farm-workers benefited in the process is undeniable, but they both needed to benefit and richly deserved to do so. Since the war ended, the efforts of the farming community have been maintained; but for them the post-war standard of living of the British people could have been very near or actually below starvation level. During almost the whole of that time the prices paid to British farmers under State control have been much less than those prevailing in world markets; it is only in the last few months that the situation has temporarily changed. Nor is that change, in view of the world's rapidly rising population and the exhaustion of its virgin soil, at all likely to continue. To sacrifice for a second time the British farmer and farm-worker—to-day working longer hours than any other class in the community—would be an act not only of grave injustice, but of inconceivable folly, and would ultimately almost certainly result in the starvation of our people. The sneer about the "gimme boys" by a prominent member of the House of Commons suggests only too clearly that in certain quarters that folly is again being contemplated. Because a few large-scale and well-established farmers are rich and thriving—though at a far lower level of wealth, I notice, than their industrial and financial counterparts—seems a poor reason for reducing Britain's greatest and most vital industry to its pre-war condition of neglect and decay. If we do so we shall not only presently starve, but shall deserve to do so.



THE SECOND BRITISH BREAKER OF THE WORLD'S AIR SPEED RECORD WITHIN THREE WEEKS: LIEUT.-COMMANDER MICHAEL LITHGOW, IN THE COCKPIT OF THE SUPERMARINE SWIFT IN WHICH HE AVERAGED 737.3 M.P.H. ON SEPTEMBER 25—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BEFORE HE LEFT ENGLAND FOR LIBYA. As reported on our front page, Lieut.-Commander Michael Lithgow on September 25 set up a new world's air speed record (subject to confirmation) of 737.3 m.p.h. Lieut.-Commander Lithgow is the chief test pilot of Vickers Supermarine and the aircraft which he flew was a Supermarine Swift fitted with a Rolls-Royce Avon turbo-jet engine. The Swift is a single-seater swept-wing interceptor fighter, which has been ordered on super-priority production for the R.A.F. The record was made over a 3-kilometre course over the Aziz Plain, near Castel Idris, in Libya, as conditions there are more favourable to high speeds than the Littlehampton course over which Squadron-Leader Duke set up the previous record on September 7, and are considered to approach more nearly to the conditions at Muroc, in California, where an American attempt on the record was planned.

THE LABOUR PARTY CONFERENCE AT MARGATE: PROMINENT PERSONALITIES.

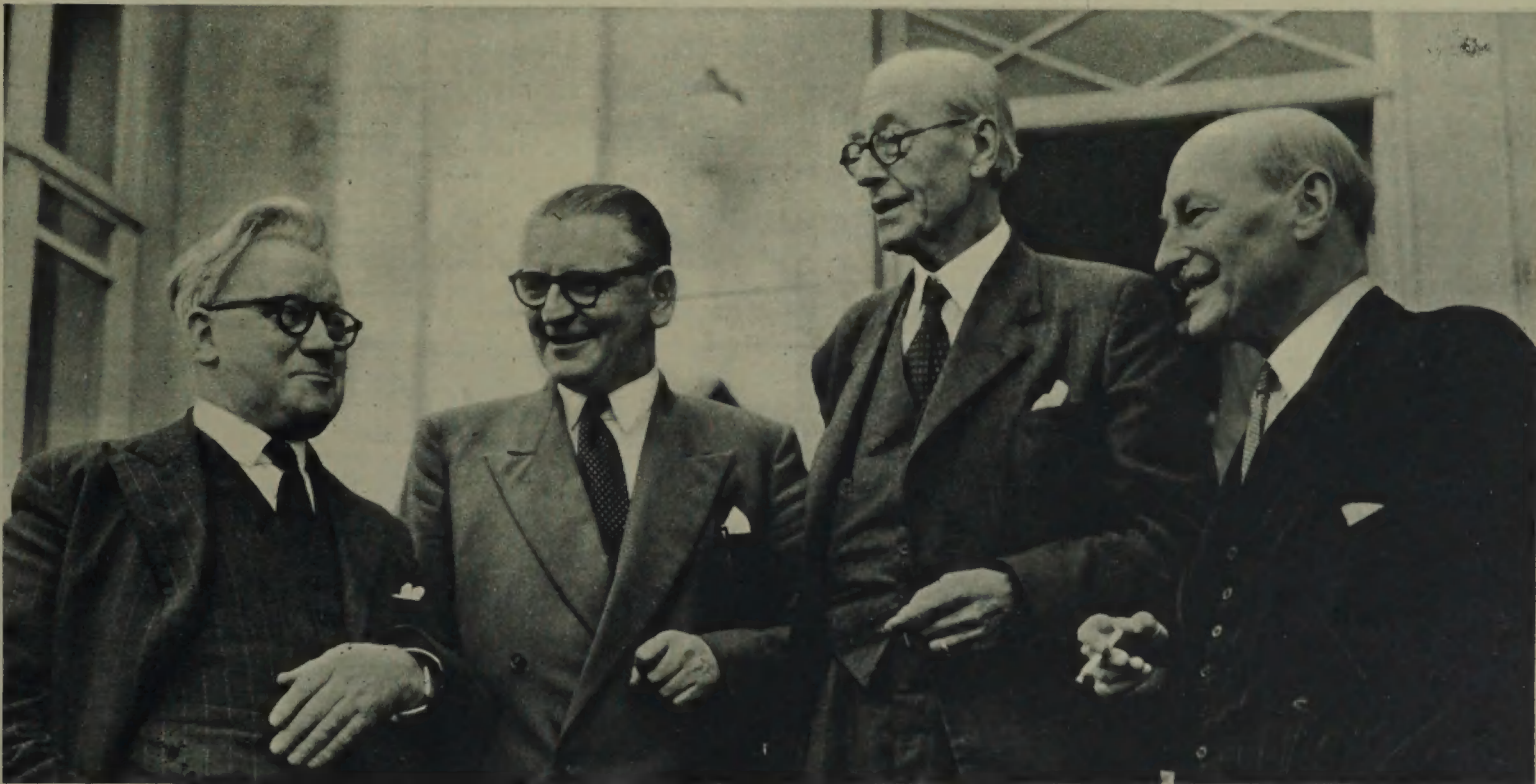


STROLLING ON THE FRONT BEFORE THE OPENING OF THE LABOUR PARTY CONFERENCE AT MARGATE: (L. TO R.) MR. ARTHUR GREENWOOD, MISS HERBISON, MISS ALICE BACON AND MR. TOM WILLIAMS.



AFTER ATTENDING A CHURCH SERVICE AT MARGATE: (L. TO R.) MR. NOEL BAKER, MR. GAITSKELL, MR. SAM WATSON, MR. HERBERT MORRISON AND MISS ALICE BACON.

BEFORE the Labour Party Conference opened at Margate on September 28, it was expected that there would be a painful division of the Party over the election of the Party Treasurer, with Mr. Herbert Morrison opposed to the seventy-three-year-old Chairman and Treasurer, Mr. Arthur Greenwood, but on the evening of September 27, the Secretary, Mr. Morgan Phillips, announced that he had received a letter from Mr. Morrison announcing the withdrawal of his nomination for the position of Treasurer. This decision, Mr. Morrison wrote, followed "the decision of the National Executive Committee to recommend conference support for the proposal of the National Union of Seamen that the deputy leader of the Labour Party be a member of the new Executive Committee." Mr. Morrison is at present the deputy leader of the Party. The Conference was opened on September 28 with a speech from the Chairman, Mr. Arthur Greenwood, in which he called for unity within the ranks and the seeking of peace throughout the world and urged an early meeting of the Big Four.



PROMINENT PERSONALITIES OF THE LABOUR PARTY CONFERENCE: (LEFT TO RIGHT) MR. HERBERT MORRISON, MR. MORGAN PHILLIPS, SECRETARY OF THE PARTY, MR. ARTHUR GREENWOOD, THE TREASURER, AND MR. C. R. ATTLEE.



ON THE EVE OF THE CONFERENCE AT MARGATE: (L. TO R.) MR. TOM WILLIAMS, DR. EDITH SUMMERSKILL, MRS. WILLIAMS, MR. J. GRIFFITHS, AND DR. SAMUEL, DR. SUMMERSKILL'S HUSBAND.



ENJOYING A JOKE WITH HIS WIFE, MISS JENNIE LEE, BEFORE THE OPENING OF THE CONFERENCE: MR. ANEURIN BEVAN AT MARGATE.

NEWS EVENTS IN BRITAIN: SPORT, A ROYAL OCCASION, AND OTHER ITEMS.



BEFORE LEAVING FOR AUSTRALIA: MEMBERS OF THE AUSTRALIAN CRICKET TEAM WITH THEIR CAPTAIN, MR. LINDSAY HASSETT (FOURTH FROM RIGHT; FRONT ROW). The Australian Test Cricket Team sailed from Tilbury aboard the *Strathaird* on September 24 and are due to arrive at Sydney on October 29. Mr. Lindsay Hassett, captain of the Australian team, said: "My opinion is that English cricket is in a very healthy state . . . my view is that the game is coming back to its peak here."



THE ARRIVAL OF THE UNITED STATES RYDER CUP TEAM: A GROUP PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT LONDON AIRPORT ON SEPTEMBER 26.

The U.S. team which is playing the British team in the Ryder Cup match at Wentworth (October 2-3) arrived at London Airport on September 26, with the exception of D. Douglas and F. Haas, who followed on later. Our photograph shows (from l. to r.) Lloyd Mangrum; C. Middlecoff; E. Oliver; S. Snead; J. Turnesa; J. Burke, Jr.; W. Burkemo; E. Kroll; H. E. Radix; J. Jemsek; Roy O'Brien (who accompanied the team) and Fred Corcoran (manager).



BREAKING THE RECORD FOR THE LONDON TO BRIGHTON RACE AND LEADING BY OVER TEN MINUTES: W. HAYWARD (SOUTH AFRICA) APPROACHING THE FINISH AT BRIGHTON.

On September 26 W. Hayward, the South African champion runner for all distances over the marathon, broke the record for the London to Brighton race held by the Road Runners' Club. He covered the 52 miles 694 yards course in 5 hours 29 mins. 40 secs.



AFTER HER VIKING AIRLINER HAD BEEN BROUGHT IN BY LONDON AIRPORT'S RADAR LANDING SYSTEM: H.M. THE QUEEN BEING MET BY SIR JOHN D'ALBIAC.

On September 27 H.M. the Queen interrupted her holiday at Balmoral and flew in a Viking of the Queen's Flight to London to discuss preparations for the Commonwealth tour. The airliner arrived over London Airport in swirling mist and rain, and was "talked down" by means of the airport's radar landing system while incoming airliners circled over Epsom. Her Majesty was met by Air Marshal Sir John d'Albiac, Commandant of the Airport.



WINNERS OF AWARDS AT THE R.A.F. TECHNICAL COLLEGE AT HENLOW: (L. TO R.) TECHNICAL CADETS J. PETTIFER; D. J. PUGH; AND C. A. COOPER.

A graduation parade was held at the R.A.F. Technical College at Henlow on September 25 in the presence of Air Chief-Marshall Sir John Whitworth Jones, Air Member for Supply and Organisation. During the parade a sword of honour was presented to Technical Cadet D. J. Pugh, who also received the science award. Technical Cadet J. Pettifer received an award for mathematics and Technical Cadet C. A. Cooper an award for the highest standard of general service training.

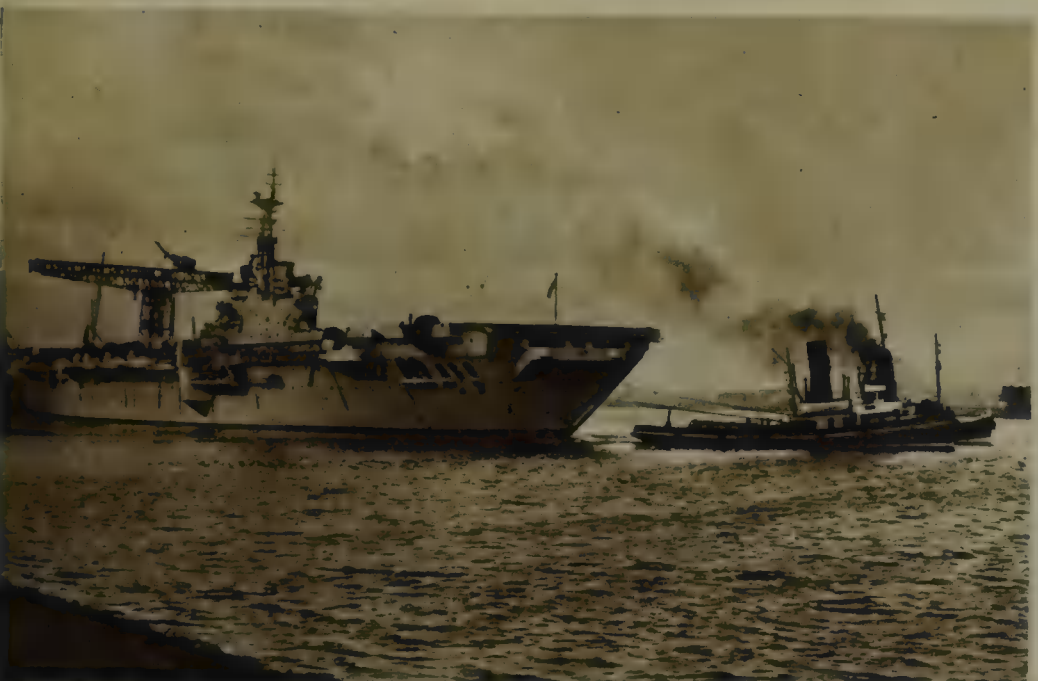


AMONG 150 MEMBERS OF THE DISTINGUISHED CONDUCT MEDAL LEAGUE AT THE ANNUAL RALLY AND MEMORIAL SERVICE AT THE CENOTAPH, WHITEHALL, ON SEPTEMBER 27: THREE HOLDERS OF THE VICTORIA CROSS (L. TO R.): CAPTAIN A. O. POLLARD, WHO LED THE PARADE; MR. A. H. CROSS AND MR. S. J. BENT.

THE OPENING OF WELBECK COLLEGE, AND OTHER HOME NEWS IN PHOTOGRAPHS.



MODERN METHODS TO DEFEAT A PLAGUE OF FLIES: A HELICOPTER SYSTEMATICALLY SPRAYING THE SEAWEED WHICH GALES HAD PILED AGAINST WORTHING'S SEA-FRONT. Recent gales had piled up seaweed against Worthing's sea-front and provided a breeding-place for a plague of flies. Early on September 25 a helicopter sprayed the weed with 400 gallons of insecticide in about two hours. The cost to the ratepayers was estimated at £150.



THE NEW LIGHT AIRCRAFT CARRIER, H.M.S. CENTAUR (18,300 TONS), LEAVING BELFAST FOR HER ACCEPTANCE TRIALS. SHE WAS LAUNCHED IN APRIL 1947. H.M.S. Centaur is one of the new "Hermes" class, with V-shaped stern. The four ships of this class—Centaur, Hermes, Albion and Bulwark—were laid down in 1944-45, but have been much modified during construction. They accommodate forty-five aircraft, with a war complement of 1400.



THE REBUILT WEIR AT CAVERSHAM, ON THE THAMES, NEAR READING, NOW FITTED FOR THE FIRST TIME WITH ELECTRICALLY-OPERATED SLUICES. As part of a scheme to improve weirs and locks all along the Thames, Caversham weir has been rebuilt and, for the first time, electrically-operated sluices have been installed—as seen in this picture. The cost of the work, it is stated, has been estimated at £26,000.

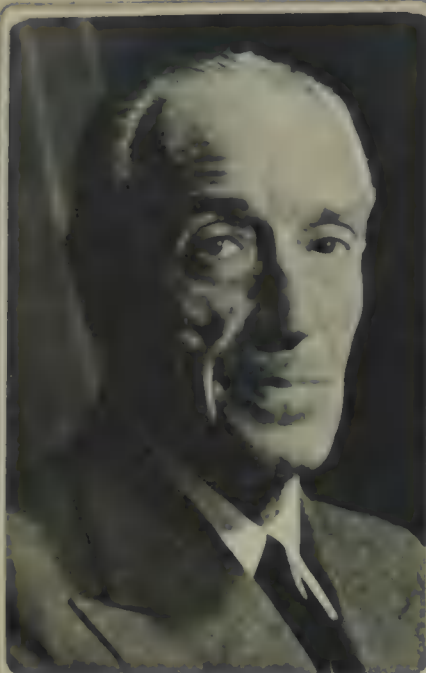


THE CHANGING FACE OF BATTERSEA POWER STATION: SCAFFOLDING SURROUNDING THE FOURTH AND LAST CHIMNEY, WHICH IS NOW BEING CONSTRUCTED. At the end of the year Battersea Power Station will be completed. The fourth and last chimney, which will complete the symmetry of the building, is now under construction. The stack will be 337 ft. high from the ground. The building of the second part of the power station was held up by the war.



THE OPENING OF WELBECK COLLEGE, THE ARMY'S NEW BOARDING-SCHOOL: NEW ARRIVALS INSPECTING THE UNDERGROUND BALLROOM, WHICH WILL BE USED AS A GYMNASIUM. On September 25 forty-eight boys arrived at the War Office's new boarding-school at Welbeck Abbey, near Worksop, to begin a two-year course of study which will be followed by eighteen months at the R.M.A., Sandhurst, to fit them for commissions in one of the technical corps of the Army.

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: SOME PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

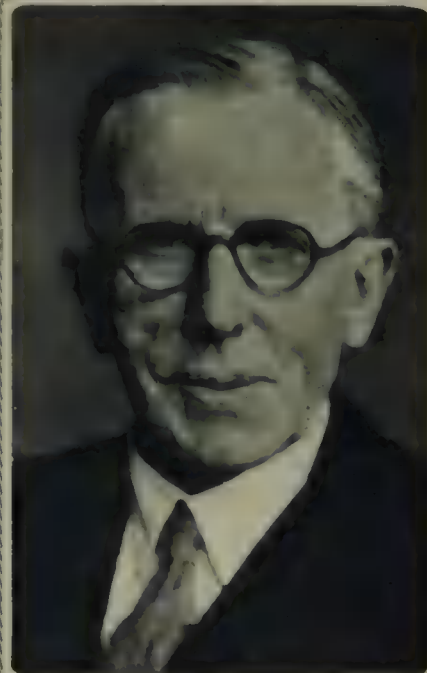


THE DUKE OF ALBA.

Died on September 24, aged seventy-four. An historian, diplomat and art collector, he was an outstanding Spanish Monarchist. He had represented the Nationalist cause in London during the Civil War; from 1939-45 he was Spanish Ambassador in London. He resigned in protest against General Franco's refusal to heed Don Juan's claims.



AT AN "EXERCISE MARINER" PRESS CONFERENCE: (L. TO R.) ADMIRAL SIR GEORGE CREASY, ADMIRAL SIR JOHN EDELSTEN AND AIR MARSHAL SIR ALICK STEVENS. Aspects of the complexity of "Exercise Mariner" explained by Admiral Sir John Edelsten, Allied C-in-C., Channel Command; Admiral Sir George Creasy, Allied C-in-C., Eastern Atlantic, and Air Marshal Sir Alick Stevens, Allied Air C-in-C. in both commands at a Press conference at the Ministry of Defence on September 23.



SIR ERNEST GOWERS.

Chairman of the Royal Commission on Capital Punishment, whose report was published on September 23. The Report, which, with its appendices, fills a volume of more than 500 pages, recommends that the jury should decide whether the death sentence or life imprisonment should be imposed on a prisoner found guilty of murder.



MISS JEANNE BISGOOD.

Miss Jeanne Bisgood (Parkstone) won the English Women's Golf Championship for the second time in three years at Princes, Sandwich, on Sept. 24. She defeated Miss Jean McIntyre (Lindrick) by 6 and 5 in the 36-hole final. Miss Bisgood had convincingly won all her matches during the week.



MR. WILFRED A. BURKE.

To be next year's chairman of the Labour Party Executive in succession to Mr. Arthur Greenwood. Mr. Burke has been Socialist M.P. for Burnley since 1935 and vice-chairman of the Labour Party since 1952. He was Assistant Postmaster-General, 1945-47. He is an officer of the National Union of Allied and Distributive Workers.



THE RT. REV. E. W. WILLIAMSON.

Died on September 23, aged sixty-one. Since 1939 he had been the third Bishop of Swansea and Brecon, one of the two new Sees created since the disestablishment of the Church in Wales. He was Select Preacher at Oxford, 1944-46, and at Cambridge in 1951. From 1937-39 he was Chancellor of Llandaff Cathedral.



DR. SANTO JEGER.

Died on September 24, aged fifty-five. He was Labour M.P. for South-East St. Pancras from 1945-50 and for Holborn and St. Pancras South since 1950. He had long been active in London politics and was a member of the L.C.C. from 1931-46. A medical practitioner since 1923, he helped to found the Socialist Medical Association.



DR. NATHAN PUSEY.

President of Harvard University in succession to Dr. James Conant, who relinquished the office on his appointment as American High Commissioner in West Germany. Dr. Pusey, who is forty-six, had been president of Lawrence College, in Wisconsin, since 1944. [Portrait by Fabian Bachrach.]



(Left.)

THE UNNAMED MIG PILOT.

The Communist pilot who flew a Russian-built MIG jet fighter from North Korea and landed it near Seoul on September 21. He will receive over £35,000 promised last April by General Clark, then U.N. and U.S. Commander in the Far East, to the pilot who surrendered the first intact MIG.



MISS FLORENCE CHADWICK

On September 20 broke the record for swimming the Straits of Gibraltar, previously held by a Spanish male swimmer, by 1 hour 48 mins. On September 1 Miss Chadwick, aged thirty-three, of California, set up a record for both men and women for the England-France Channel swim of 14 hours 42 mins.

(Right.)

SIR JAMES BOWKER.

Appointed Ambassador at Ankara in succession to Sir Knox Helm, who is retiring. Sir James, who is fifty-two, has been Under-Secretary of State in the Foreign Office since 1950. He entered the Foreign Office in 1925 and has served in Turkey, Paris, Berlin, Oslo, Madrid, Cairo and Burma.



ARRIVING AT TILBURY FOR THE SIXTEEN-NATION HOCKEY TOURNAMENT: THE NEW ZEALAND TEAM.

Forty-three young hockey players representing teams from Australia, New Zealand and India arrived at Tilbury on September 22 on the liner Strathnaver.



ON BOARD THE LINER STRATHNAVER AT TILBURY ON SEPTEMBER 22: AUSTRALIAN WOMEN HOCKEY PLAYERS.

Teams from Australia, New Zealand and India are playing in the International Federation of Women's Hockey Association Tournament being held at Folkestone from September 30 to October 10.

FRANCE, GERMANY AND ITALY: A MISCELLANY OF NEWS FROM ABROAD IN PICTURES.



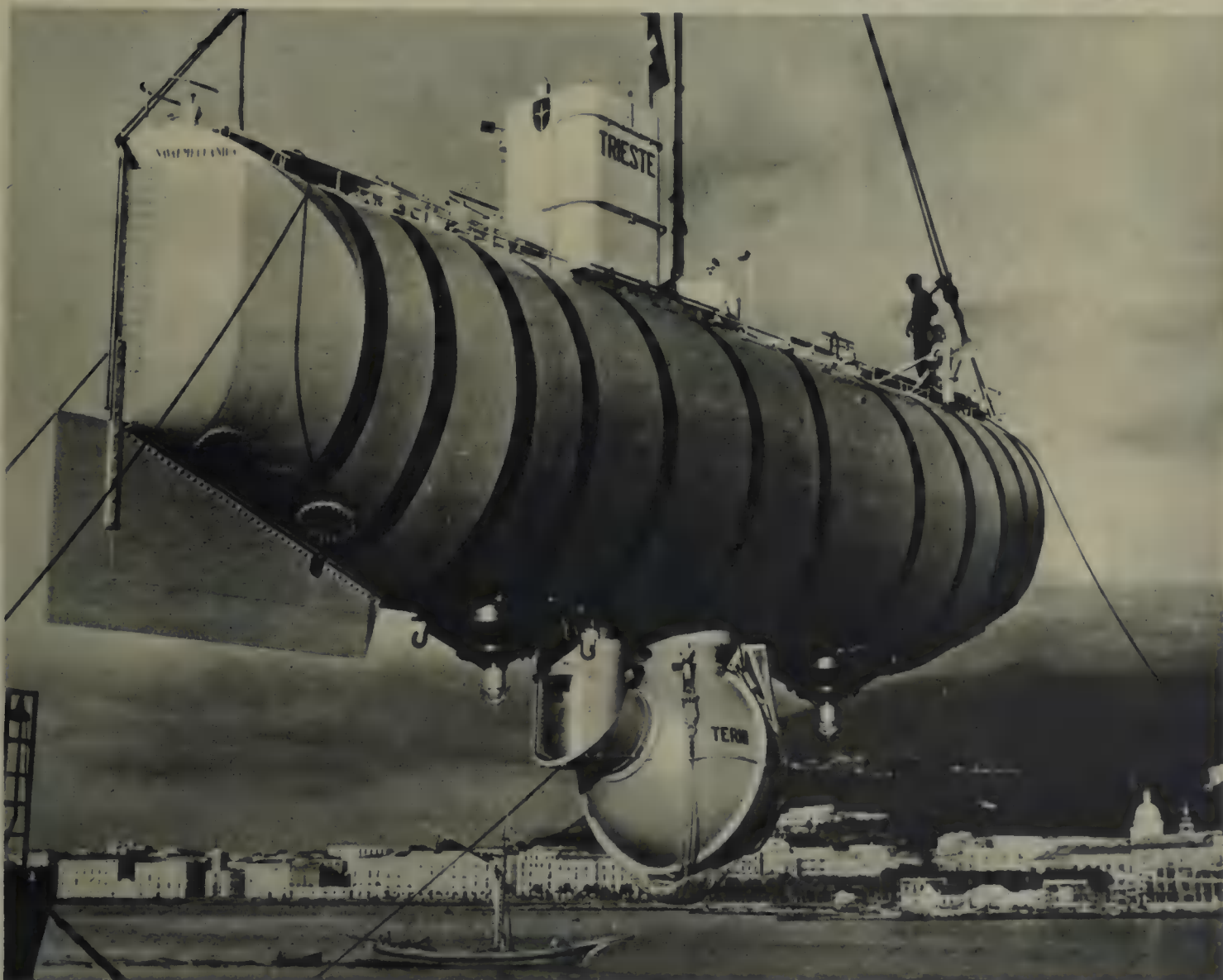
A STRANGE VISITOR TO PARIS: A 58-TON WHALE, PRESERVED IN FORMALIN, EXHIBITED NEAR NAPOLEON'S TOMB AND DRAWING GREAT CROWDS OF SIGHTSEERS.
This whale was caught off the shores of Norway and, by the ingenuity of Dr. Rolf Hinrichs, of Hamburg, has been preserved sufficiently well, it is stated, to keep for about three years. As soon as it was caught, Dr. Hinrichs climbed on to the whale's body and injected formalin into it for fourteen hours through a large syringe. In the belly a refrigerating plant has been installed and is run day and night.



WITH ONLY THE TRAMWAY TRACKS SURVIVING: THE REMAINS OF A BRIDGE OVER THE BISAGNO AT GENOA AFTER A CLOUDBURST.
On September 19 a cloudburst at Genoa brought life to a standstill and caused heavy damage. The pillars of a bridge crossing the Bisagno were washed away and some districts were flooded temporarily to a depth of 6 ft.

REFITTED FOR AN ATTEMPT ON THE WORLD'S RECORD UNDERWATER DIVE OF 6890 FT. SET UP BY TWO FRENCH OFFICERS ON AUGUST 14: PROFESSOR AUGUSTE PICCARD'S BATHYSCAPH TRIESTE BEING LOWERED INTO CASTELLAMMARE HARBOUR; SHOWING THE SUBMARINE-LIKE HULL FILLED WITH 22,000 GALLONS OF EXTRA-LIGHT PETROL AND, BELOW IT, THE SPHERICAL OBSERVATION CABIN.

On August 26 Professor Auguste Piccard, accompanied by his son, descended to the sea-bed 3608 ft. below, about two miles south of Capri, in his bathyscaph *Trieste*. The hull of the bathyscaph is filled with extra-light petrol, whose lifting force decreases during the descent and increases as the bathyscaph rises. Ballast in the form of iron filings retained by the magnetic field of an electro-magnet is provided and may be jettisoned when required. Below the hull is a spherical observation chamber. On August 14 the French Ministry of Marine announced that two French officers, Lieut.-Commander Houot and Engineer-Officer Willm, had descended to a depth of 1,000 ft. in the naval bathyscaph SNRS 3 ten miles off Cap Ferrat, thus setting up a new world's deep-diving record. Professor Piccard's bathyscaph has been refitted since its experimental dives, and he hopes to reach a greater depth in it than that achieved by the Frenchmen in a bathyscaph he designed six years ago.



WITH AN EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF THE QUEEN DOMINATING THE FAÇADE: THE BRITISH PAVILION AT THE WEST BERLIN TRADE FAIR, AFTER THE OPENING CEREMONY.
On September 27, Mr. Anthony Nutting, the Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs (seen right centre, back to camera), opened the British Pavilion at the fourth German Industries Fair in West Berlin. Talking to him can be seen General Coleman, the British Commandant. The Pavilion contains a Coronation tableau.



THE SPANISH-AMERICAN MUTUAL DEFENCE AGREEMENT: SIGNING (BACK TO CAMERA), MR. JAMES DUNN, U.S. AMBASSADOR; AND, FACING HIM, DON M. ARTAJO.
After long negotiations, a mutual defence agreement between Spain and the U.S. was signed in Madrid on September 26 by Mr. James Dunn and Señor Artajo, the Spanish Foreign Minister. In return for economic and military assistance, Spain is to lease "bases and facilities" for use by the United States naval and air bases. The amount of U.S. aid is about £78,720,000.

A TRAVELLER OF GENIUS.

"THE COAST OF INCENSE"; By FREYA STARK.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY" is the term Miss Freya Stark applies to her book: "Life and Letters" would be more suitable. For a great part, perhaps the greater part, of her narrative consists of letters which she wrote from her various "wilds," to her mother, her publisher, and other fond recipients, who must always have been doubly glad to hear from her: partly because of the charm and vigour of her notes, and partly because their continuance meant that she was still alive. It wasn't merely that she was constantly insisting on "taking her life in her hands," forcing herself to dangerous mountain-climbs and penetration into districts where tribal war is almost incessant; but she also seems to be a target for almost every germ in the world. On one of her expeditions into remote Arabia she fell a victim to, and nearly died of, measles, of all things; and dysentery seems to have been a companion who seldom left her. She carried a few medicaments about with her, and had some sense: the result being that the secluded townsmen and townswomen of the Hadhramaut thought she was almost a witch-doctor. But she doesn't seem to have been very good at looking after herself. She would always keep going until she dropped. She suggests that she is naturally timid. All I can say to that is that she is the bravest mouse I have ever met.

I say "met"; but I have met her only in print. That, as I look at her book in retrospect, seems to me surprising: she has known and cared for so many people and places which I also have known and cared for: from that lonely Palladian villa, Malcontenta, near Venice, to Petworth, in the days when there were still great house-parties there; from that genial innocent Englishman, the late Lord Wakefield of "Castrol," to that genial, sophisticated Frenchman, Anton Besse, who was King of the Indian Ocean, and left an enormous fortune to found Saint Anthony's College at Oxford, to be a link between England and France.

Of both of these remarkable men, one of them so simple, one of them so worldly-wise, but both good, she gives "thumb-nail sketches."

She was projecting an expedition to Arabia and didn't know how to finance it: the expedition, it may be added, was not a great success, because she didn't quite hit it off with the two learned women who went with her: it is an old maxim that you can't have two captains in one ship, but one the truth of which many people cannot grasp. A friend suggested that she should "write to Lord Wakefield and I will add a word to say you are not bogus." She wrote, and was given an appointment at his office in Cheapside: "I got there punctually (for which he complimented me!) and climbed up through rooms full of typewriters to a genial little old white-haired man behind a big desk who asked what it was all about. He wasn't in the least interested in archaeology, but looked very shrewdly at me; then he said that I had found a wonderful advocate in Mr. Ker, that he thought

I could be trusted to make good use of his money, and handed me a cheque for £1,500, which I had suggested as the total cost of the expedition. I came away in a sort of dream after being taken round to see all the photographs of Lord Wakefield with various Kings of England, Boy Scouts, Mussolini and d'Annunzio—'a picture they want me to buy,' etc. I said it seemed hard that he gave me the money and we got all the fun. He was such a dear, and took me out to the lift, and did it all so charmingly and nicely, and I walked back through Cheapside in an intoxicated sort of condition thinking that I had just been spending the morning wondering whether I should buy cotton or leather gloves at Evans's Sale, and now had all this wealth at my disposal."

That was her fairy godfather at this end: at the Arabian end (co-operating with the British authorities at Aden, and the modern "Handy-Men" of the R.A.F.) there was A.B. In 1934 she writes a letter home: "M. Besse, to whom Mary gave me a letter, is more than charming: he is a Merchant, in the style of the Arabian Nights or the Renaissance; all day long telegrams come to him from India, America, China, Yemen, Africa, Europe. His own ships go steaming about these coasts (and one will take me to

Mukalla)—and his agents are everywhere: he tells me I shall be looked after when I get into the inner Hadhramaut and he has friends among the rivals of the Mukalla Sultans (who live and shoot just over the border) so that the second step of my journey is clearing up beautifully. He lives here [Aden] in the Arab quarter of the town with a beautiful young daughter, in a

of his own—not belonging even to the British club, but knowing everyone who is worth knowing, and having immense power all over the country. He gave me the most delightful welcome, and immediately found me a house near by and a boy to look after me, and sends my food unless I come to eat here—which I have done these two evenings. We are in what is called the Crater; in photographs taken

from the air, one can see how it is so really, a wild circle of cliffs and rock, with only one opening out to sea where the lava must have poured away. No green is visible, but the full moon over these wild black crags is very fine, and the soft, deep sky. On a spur above the town is the Zoroastrians' tower of silence where they expose their dead. There are not many here, but M. Besse tells me he has seen the funerals in India, where every tower has its own particular band of vultures: when the friends and relations of the dead have left him, the guardian of the tower tears the shroud and the vultures come lower and wait for a few seconds: then their chief old vulture advances, and after that they all swoop down and in a few hours nothing but bones is left."

Those are extracts from letters: the new prose connecting the letters is so good that I could wish that she had "digested" all this "original material" instead of incorporating it as it was written. No longer tied down, as she has largely been in her books about exploration, to a record of facts, she allows her thoughts to range and her language to soar in a most alluring way. "Purple patches" could be quoted in quantity: musings on humanity, mountains, cities and seas. But one of their charms is that though they are purple they are not patches: her finest passages never read like deliberate, fine writing, but rise naturally from their surroundings with the rise of the spirit.

And the book covers a far wider field than its title suggests. It is by no means all about that southern part of Arabia about which she has written in other books; even though she does describe the excavation

of a primitive temple, renew our acquaintance with warring tribes, ladies of the hareem, and rich Arabs who have made fortunes in the East Indies and returned to their barren land of rock and sand and stark skyscrapers, and records the unearthing of a chunk of incense nearly 2000 years old which burnt as fragrantly as if it were new. She is as intensely interested in Greece and Italy, past and present, as she is in her chosen sphere of discovery. And, however concentrated she may have been on her searching and digging, she was never unaware of the world behind her.

She makes and quotes many pertinent remarks. "I said to the Mirza: 'You are getting very civilised here.' 'Not quite,' he said, 'we don't make our own poison gas.'" She quotes that enchanting man, Robert Byron (who went down in the Mediterranean, probably uttering caustic "last words") as saying in 1936 that Persia was busy looking "to see when the British Empire, disguised as a worm, is going to turn." She saw what the Abyssinian venture, if unchecked, was bound to lead to, and observed in June 1935: "I am

just reading Benson's life of Queen Victoria and can't help feeling that if we had old Lord Palmerston now he would probably close the canal and have done with it; after all, why should one sit still and watch a big man knock a little one down and never lift a finger?"

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 532 of this issue.



THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED BY SIR JOHN SQUIRE ON THIS PAGE: MISS FREYA STARK (MRS. STEWART PEROWNE), WHOSE TRAVELS IN ARABIA ARE WELL KNOWN.

Miss Stark was educated privately in Italy and at Bedford College and the School of Oriental Studies, London. She has travelled extensively in the Middle East and was awarded the Triennial Burton Memorial Medal by the Royal Asiatic Society in 1934; the Mungo Park Medal by the Royal Scottish Geographical Society in 1936; the Founder's Medal by the Royal Geographical Society in 1942; and the Percy Sykes Memorial Medal by the Royal Central Asian Society in 1951. Miss Stark's published works include "The Valleys of the Assassins" (1934); "Seen in the Hadhramaut" (1938); "Perseus in the Wind" (1948); and "Traveller's Prelude" (1950).



SHOWING VEILED WOMEN IN THEIR STREET DRESS ON THE LEFT: A SCENE IN SHIBAM—"THEY WERE . . . VERY VAGUE AS TO WHAT I WAS TAKING, SO I HOPE TO HAVE GOT A FEW WOMEN AT STREET CORNERS, STANDING LIFTING THEIR HANDS TO THEIR VEILS SO AS TO GET A LOOK AT ME."

Illustrations reproduced from "The Coast of Incense"; by Courtesy of the Publisher, John Murray.



"ANYTHING MORE PICTURESQUE THAN ITS APPROACH YOU CANNOT IMAGINE—TALL HOUSES, EVERY SHADE OF WHITE AND GREY, PILED TOGETHER AGAINST THE RED CLIFF—BARE HILL BEHIND THEM RISING STRAIGHT TO A LONG RIDGE ON WHICH ARE FOUR SMALL WHITE SQUARE FORTS": MUKALLA FROM THE SEA.

Miss Stark arrived at Mukalla in the *Amin*, one of M. Besse's ships, from Aden in January 1935, and wrote: "This is a charming little town to look at, rather like a picture by Carpaccio, only white: a little harbour with eight or nine dhows; a minaret in the centre; the indigo tribesmen strolling about among the markets, and nobody . . . wearing shoes or stockings, not even the Army Parade."

house built with a deep verandah all round it to keep the heat out, and fitted with books, gramophone records, and comfortable chairs: in one corner of the room is a lamp shining through a red alabaster chalice to illuminate a photograph of the Venus of Cyrene: I am sure the native servants must think she is the family Goddess. He is a real Epicurean, in the good sense of the word: and has made himself here a world

* "The Coast of Incense" Autobiography 1933-1939. By Freya Stark. Illustrated. (John Murray: 25s.)

A CINQUE PORTS CEREMONY: THE COURTS OF BROTHERHOOD AND GUESTLING.



THE BARONS OF THE CINQUE PORTS HOLD THEIR FIRST COURTS OF BROTHERHOOD AND GUESTLING SINCE 1937: THE SCENE IN THE MAISON DIEU AT DOVER ON SEPTEMBER 24. AN ANCIENT ORDINANCE FORBIDDING "DISORDER" WAS READ.



THE BARONS OF THE CINQUE PORTS, IN THE BARRED SCARLET CLOAK OF THEIR CORONATION DRESS, WALKING IN PROCESSION THROUGH THE STREETS OF DOVER.

ON September 24, for the first time since 1937—that is to say, after the Coronation of King George VI.—the Barons of the Cinque Ports held Courts of Brotherhood and Guestling in the Maison Dieu, adjoining Dover Town Hall. The Cinque Ports are Hastings, Sandwich, Dover, New Romney and Hythe, and with them are associated the two "antient towns" of Winchelsea and Rye and the seven "limbs"—Lydd, Faversham, Folkestone, Deal, Tenterden, Margate and Ramsgate. Most of the mayors who walked in the procession wore the dress that identified them as having been present at this or an earlier Coronation—a scarlet cloak barred with blue and gold at the back and a cap of blue velvet, the cloak being worn over Court dress of dark blue velvet, sword, ruffled shirt, and a waistcoat richly embroidered with flowers. The procession went first to and from the service at the Parish Church of Dover and then gathered in the Maison Dieu. There various messages and proclamations were read and the Solicitor of the Ports read an ordinance of 1567 promising a fine of 3s. 4d. for anyone speaking twice on the same subject or interrupting a speaker, and the Speaker (the Mayor of Dover) said that this decree would be strictly enforced. The deputations pledged themselves to maintain the "charters, franchises, liberties and customs," the text of a loyal address to the Queen was approved, and a motion congratulating the Lord Warden, Sir Winston Churchill, on the bestowal of his Order of the Garter was passed.



BARONS OF THE CINQUE PORTS AND MUNICIPAL DIGNITARIES OF THE PORTS, "ANTIENT TOWNS" AND "LIMBS," MOVING IN PROCESSION TO THE PARISH CHURCH OF DOVER.

AUSTRALIAN ANTARCTIC ACTIVITY: RESEARCH



A MEMBER OF THE AUSTRALIAN HEARD ISLAND STATION, EQUIPPED FOR RESEARCH AMONG THE ISLAND'S GLACIERS.



PART OF THE BAUDISSIN GLACIER, ONE OF THOSE WHICH DESCEND FROM THE 9000-FT. PEAK OF "BIG BEN." THE PERMANENT RESEARCH STATION, MANNED BY FOURTEEN MEN, CONDUCTS RESEARCH ON A NUMBER OF SUBJECTS.

WITHIN the last twenty years Australia has acquired a considerable amount of Antarctic (and near-Antarctic) territory. Macquarie Island has indeed been a dependency of Tasmania since the nineteenth century; but Heard Island was only transferred from the U.K. to Australia in December 1947, and in February 1933 an Imperial Order in Council placed under Australian authority "all the islands and territories other than Adélie Land which are situated south of 60 degrees South lat. and lying between 160 degrees East long. and 45 degrees East long.", and the order came into force in 1936. During this century Australian interest in the Antarctic, largely fostered by the explorations and enthusiasms of Sir Douglas Mawson, has grown; and in 1947 A.N.A.R.E. (the Australian National Antarctic Research Expedition) came into being and set up immediately two permanent research stations on Heard and Macquarie Islands, and in December of this year it hopes to establish a third station on the Antarctic mainland. Quite apart from strategic considerations and the shorter South Pole air-routes that may one day connect Australia, South Africa and South America, the great ice continent is a treasure-house of material and scientific riches needed in the near future. Antarctica is believed to have immense coal deposits and rich stores of iron, copper, molybdenum and other ores, with the added possibility

[Continued opposite.]



THE MACQUARIE ISLAND PERMANENT SETTLEMENT—WITH ITS GROUP OF TWENTY-FIVE OR SO HUTS—IS TYPICAL OF ANTARCTIC RESEARCH STATIONS AND INCLUDES A DIESEL ELECTRIC POWER-HOUSE ESTABLISHED IN A NISSEN HUT AND PRODUCING ABOUT 15,000 WATTS.



THE METEOROLOGICAL STAFF RECORD THE TEMPERATURE, HUMIDITY AND PRESSURE OF THE UPPER ATMOSPHERE AS TRANSMITTED TO THEM FROM RADIOSONDE BALLOONS.



MUCH BIOLOGICAL RESEARCH IS CARRIED ON AT BOTH HEARD AND MACQUARIE ISLANDS; AND HERE A HEARD ISLAND BIOLOGIST IS MEASURING A LARGE SEA-ELEPHANT SKULL.

STATIONS ON HEARD AND MACQUARIE ISLANDS.



RELEASING A RADIOSONDE BALLOON: ANTARCTICA IS THE PRIME WEATHER-BREEDER FOR THE INDIAN AND PACIFIC OCEANS; AND THE METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS TAKEN ON HEARD AND MACQUARIE ISLANDS ARE OF THE GREATEST IMPORTANCE.



FRESH WATER IS USUALLY SHORT ON HEARD ISLAND AND PHOTOGRAPHIC PRINTS ARE WASHED IN SALT—IN THIS MANNER.



A CURIOUS LENTICULAR CLOUD FORMATION OBSERVED ON THE LEE SIDE OF HEARD ISLAND'S 9000-FT. VOLCANO "BIG BEN." HEARD ISLAND IS ABOUT 27 MILES LONG AND 13 MILES WIDE, WITH CRAGGY SHORES AND NO SAFE ANCHORAGE. IT IS ALMOST ALWAYS STORM-SWEPT.

Continued. of deposits of precious metals, including uranium. Whether these will ever be capable of working remains to be seen. Antarctica's seas are exceptionally rich in plankton, and consequently in most forms of marine life. This richness is already felt in the great annual whale harvest; but it is believed that ways may soon be found to use plankton direct as food for stock or even for human beings. Of more immediate importance, the Antarctic is a weather-breeder for the Southern Hemisphere; and it is as meteorological stations that Heard and Macquarie Islands are primarily used. In both islands a three-hourly weather record is kept and their observations are correlated with others from French stations at Kerguelen and New Amsterdam and stations in South Africa and Marion Island; and these form the basis of six-hourly reports to Australia and New Zealand. In summer these also incorporate reports from whalers on the high seas, who send their observations in code so as not to reveal their positions to rival whalers. Besides weather work, the scientists at each station are concerned with the study of magnetism, earthquakes, cosmic rays, auroræ, and radio phenomena; and are equipped with unique apparatus for these purposes made in Australian universities. Much biological work is also done; and although life on Heard and Macquarie Islands may be hard, it is full of activity, interest and value.



AT THE MACQUARIE ISLAND STATION: CORRELATING WEATHER OBSERVATIONS FROM VARIOUS HIGH-LATITUDE ISLANDS, AND ALSO (IN CODE) FROM SOME WHALING SHIPS.



ONE OF THE INTERESTS OF MACQUARIE ISLAND IS COSMIC RAY RESEARCH: AND THIS BEARDED SCIENTIST IS OPERATING A COSMIC RAY "TELESCOPE."

THE Australian programme for the history of the Second World War comprises seven volumes on the Army, two on the Navy, four on the R.A.A.F., five on civil affairs, and four on medical matters. The first volume to be published in Series One, Army, Volume I, is entitled "To Benghazi," but, in addition to that brief campaign, covers a great deal of preliminary affairs, political and administrative.* The author, Mr. Gavin Long, is the general editor. He has also written the second volume in the Army series, "Greece, Crete and Syria," which is now in the press, and is due to write the seventh, "The Final Campaigns." English readers will note with interest that Mr. Chester Wilmot, so well known on this side of the globe, is to undertake the third volume, "Tobruk and El Alamein." Dr. C. E. W. Bean, the official historian of Australia in the First World War, set a high standard, which the single volume now published upholds. Mr. Long was appointed on the recommendation of Dr. Bean, who was consulted about the plan of the new history.

Mr. Long follows the practice of his distinguished predecessor in being pretty outspoken, though gentler to the errors of Australian authorities than to those of British. The Labour Party in Australia shut its eyes to realities in the period between the wars even more firmly than did our own. If it had a military policy, this was the passive defence of Australia, mainly by air forces, with no expeditions in any event in any direction. It did, however, modify its views some time before the outbreak of war. In any case, Labour was responsible for policy during only a very small proportion of this period, and its opponents have to bear most of the blame, where blame there is. Australia did produce important items of equipment not long after the outbreak of war. One of her greatest assets was a band of staff officers and potential commanders with experience of the First World War—and it must be remembered that an officer might have had three years' active service in that war and fought at Bardia at the age of about forty-two. Some of these officers had also had educational training and attachments in the United Kingdom. The Militia training was, however, unsatisfactory. No modern arms had been acquired, and in this respect Australia was far behind the United Kingdom.

On the British side the historian finds a lack of tact and of understanding of the problems of a self-governing Dominion. At the upper level, he describes Sir Winston Churchill as a Prime Minister "who was not always particularly adept in his dealings with Dominion Governments." At the lower, he describes British commanders as failing to understand that a Dominion commander had a dual responsibility, to his Commander-in-Chief and his own Government, and that no Dominion Government would allow this rule, framed in the First World War, to be abrogated. On the whole, Dominion commanders were broad-minded in such matters. Mr. Long is also critical

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. AUSTRALIA IN THE WAR.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

Bardia, fairly strong in themselves and held by a garrison of unknown strength—actually much underestimated by the British Command and several times as strong as the attacking force—was a very bold venture. The version fixed in the popular mind does the Australians less than justice. Because the armoured forces had played so predominant a rôle in the Battle of Sidi Barrani, it has been assumed that this was the case at Bardia also. In fact, the armour was being



AT WORK IN AN ITALIAN UNDERGROUND CISTERN AT BARDIA ON DECEMBER 30, 1940: THE AUSTRALIAN 6TH DIVISION INTELLIGENCE SECTION—SHOWING (L. TO R.) LIEUT.-COLONEL J. D. ROGERS (1ST AUSTRALIAN CORPS); CAPTAIN D. J. H. LOVELL; CAPTAIN A. J. S. COTTER; CAPTAIN D. GRIEVE (LIAISON OFFICER); CAPTAIN R. R. VIAL, AND THE INTELLIGENCE SERGEANT, D. M. MACRAE.

saved as much as possible at Bardia in view of exploitation to Tobruk, so that the brunt of the fighting was borne by the Australian infantry.

The Italian resistance was patchy. At one or two points it was very stout, but at most the defence would abandon hope and cease fire as soon as the attack closed in and then surrender much too readily. It was astonishing that the command permitted so great a quantity of white cloth to be available, and the temptation to wave it proved irresistible. The counter-offensives were neither sufficiently numerous nor determined, and almost every one of them was stopped by Australian forces far inferior in strength. Even where the defence was steady, it was unenterprising and virtually static. Thus, as later occurred at Tobruk, the position was penetrated without more than a small fraction of the garrison having been engaged. The vast majority of the Italian troops had no part in the resistance before being involved in wholesale surrender.

At the same time, both Bardia and Tobruk possessed vast fire-power, and their defences were strong enough to have held off any but enterprising troops. The contrast is found in that word "enterprising." The Australians were always doing something and always ready to try something else if the first experiment failed. They took heavy risks, most of which proved worth while. In impudent fashion they ran up to casemates and threw grenades into their openings. The superiority of their officers was immense. The Italian officers were not only weak in minor tactics but were divorced from the life of their men, who consequently had

little respect for them. The Australian losses were small and would have been smaller but for a sharp though temporary check incurred in a diversionary attack on the right flank. On the other hand, it looks as though they would have been much bigger had the Italians been cool enough to set their sights. Captured guns and machine-guns revealed in several cases that this precaution had been neglected.

The experience of the Australians at Bardia, like the plan of action, was more or less repeated at Tobruk. The Italian garrison was not as strong as at Bardia, but the lengthening of the communications imposed even greater administrative strain. Tripmines, not encountered at Bardia, caused some worry but only very slight loss. The preliminary Australian patrolling was not checked, and its boldness enabled the attackers to obtain a good conception of the enemy's defences. Australian troops have always shone in work of this sort. Yet their task would have been far more difficult and costly had the Italians not sat passively in their trenches and works instead of

using their strength in counter-patrolling and the laying of ambushes outside their wire. It was perhaps typical of the opposing forces that the numbers of the Italians were under-estimated and those of the British over-estimated by the other side. The Australian senior commanders were not complacent in reviewing the operations. In a brigade instruction warning was given that "the German will exact heavy payment if some of the gross errors (skylines, etc.) witnessed at Bardia and Tobruk are repeated." General Mackay, commanding the 6th Division, denounced "ambiguity, inaccuracy, vagueness, irrelevancy and sometimes exaggeration" in reports.

The series of victories represented a fine achievement to the credit of all the troops who took part in it. O'Connor's corps of two divisions advanced 500 miles and took 130,000 prisoners, 400 tanks (of sorts), and 1290 guns. It destroyed ten Italian infantry divisions besides other forces. Its own losses were less than 1750 killed, wounded and missing. Yet the strategic gain was limited, the territory won was not held, and the famous striking force of the German Afrika Korps was attracted to the theatre of war. Possibly, taking the war as a whole and including the Tunisian campaign, it may have paid to draw the Germans into North Africa and defeat them there, though not till after great tribulations. This is a question to which no positive answer can ever be given. Yet it is impossible not to feel that a great opportunity was lost. Moreover, aid to Greece was not wholly a moral issue, as is often supposed. The British Government was actuated by the desire to build up a powerful front in the Balkans, an ambition which it did not then possess the resources to fulfil. The Australians played a notable part in the victory and could hardly have accomplished more.

The 18th Australian Brigade, the most forward in training and equipment apart from the troops of the 6th Division, captured the inland oasis of Giarabub in March 1941, the distance of the objective and the nature of the country proving heavier handicaps than the resistance of the garrison. Here the Italian commander was determined, but unenterprising as usual. The record in Africa ends on an ominous note. German air forces had become predominant over the western part at least of the newly-captured Italian territory. German land forces had arrived in Africa and were already revealed as bold and thrusting. It appeared certain that British forces were in for tests far more severe than any hitherto encountered, though few can have foreseen how severe they were to be. The name "Rommel" had still no great significance. Soon it was to assume more than enough. A long appendix is devoted to the experiences of the Australian force in England. It did not stay long—part of it less than six months—but its presence in the country when invasion appeared imminent was welcome.

As is natural, the operations are described in more



"CAPTAIN CONKEY'S COMPANY OF THE 2/4TH HAD ENTERED THE CITY HALF AN HOUR EARLIER, DISMOUNTED FROM THEIR TRUCKS NEAR THE TOWN HALL, AND MARCHED INTO THE SMALL SQUARE IN FRONT OF IT. THESE SUNBURNT MEN IN THEIR DRAB KHAKI GREATCOATS AND STEEL HELMETS... OBVIOUSLY IMPRESSED THE CROWD": THE CEREMONY AT THE HANDING-OVER OF THE CITY OF BENGHAZI ON FEBRUARY 7, 1941.

of intervention in Greece, though that affair is to have a volume to itself and is discussed here only in the light of the Libyan campaign. He concludes that General Sir Richard O'Connor was right in his contention that the advance might have been successfully continued, and that all Tripolitania might have been secured, but for the Greek diversion. From the purely military point of view he is doubtless right.

After an account of the somewhat painful process of forming divisions in Australia, we come to the arrival of the 6th Division in the Middle East and its speedy entry into battle. Australian troops always seem to respond quickly to training, and, for a division which had had only a relatively short spell, the 6th went into action as a remarkably good fighting formation. It was given no time to deliberate upon what was in store for it after the advance to Bardia; in fact, material of various kinds was rushed up at the last moment. The attack on the fortifications of



"WITH GREAT LABOUR, BECAUSE THE DIESEL ENGINES OF THESE VEHICLES WERE UNFAMILIAR, SIXTEEN MEDIUM ('M11' AND 'M13') TANKS, EACH ARMED WITH A LIGHT GUN AND MACHINE-GUNS, WERE PUT INTO WORKING ORDER AND BROUGHT FORWARD": ITALIAN TANKS CAPTURED AT BARDIA AND MANNED BY MEMBERS OF THE 6TH CAVALRY REGIMENT DURING THE OPERATIONS AT TOBRUK.

Australian War Memorial photographs reproduced from "To Benghazi"; by Courtesy of the Distributors, Angus and Robertson Ltd., 48, Bloomsbury St., London, W.C.1.

detail than is to be the case in the British history, though rather less than in the Australian volumes on the First World War. This volume is not as lively as that of the late Henry Gullett on the Australians in Palestine in that war, but is suited to a public wider than that of the average official military history. It is easy to follow with the aid of numerous maps and sketches, and some of the coloured maps are not merely instructive but beautiful. Upwards of fifty illustrations are included. In short, Mr. Long's first volume provides a satisfactory introduction to the series and a reasonable assurance that the whole history of Australia's record in the Second World War will reach a high standard. The tale is curious. Not the most far-sighted prophet, even one who had divined what form Japanese intervention in the war would take, could have foretold that the Australian Army would begin its fighting in the desert of Libya and end it on remote islands, little known to white men, in the Pacific.

* "To Benghazi." By Gavin Long. (Canberra: Australian War Memorial: 25s.) Distributors: Angus and Robertson Ltd., London.



THE LAST CHANGE-OVER IN THE 4 X 1500 METRES RELAY, IN WHICH GREAT BRITAIN BEAT SWEDEN AND GERMANY AND MADE A NEW WORLD RECORD: D. A. G. PIRIE HANDING OVER THE BATON TO G. W. NANKEVILLE.

BRITAIN'S NEW WORLD RECORD
IN 4 X 1500 METRES RELAY.



G. W. NANKEVILLE FINISHING THE LAST STAGE, TO WIN BY 5 YARDS. THE TEAM'S TIME WAS 15 MINS. 27.2 SECS., NANKEVILLE'S APPROXIMATELY 3 MINS. 44 SECS.



THE BRITISH TEAM WHICH SET UP THE NEW WORLD'S RECORD OF 15 MINS. 27.2 SECS. FOR THE 4 X 1500 METRES RELAY: (L. TO R.) R. H. DUNKLEY, D. C. LAW, D. A. G. PIRIE AND G. W. NANKEVILLE.



MRS. LERWILL, IN THE SPECIAL WOMEN'S HIGH JUMP EVENT, CLEARING 5 FT. 6½ INS., THE WORLD'S BEST WOMEN'S HIGH JUMP THIS YEAR.



AN EVENT IN THE LONDON V. STOCKHOLM MATCH: THE 120 YARDS HURDLES. (L. TO R.) K. E. ISRAELSSON (S.), WHO FINISHED THIRD; P. B. HILDRETH (L.) WHO WON IN 14.8 SECS.; AND F. J. PARKER (L.), WHO WAS SECOND.

THE floodlit athletic meeting at the White City on September 23, sponsored by the *Evening News*, consisted of an inter-city match between London and Stockholm together with a few special women's events and a relay race of 4 x 1500 metres between Great Britain, Sweden and Germany. The meeting was watched by an enthusiastic crowd of about 25,000 and the inter-city match was won by London with 105 points to Stockholm's 76. The international relay race, however, produced the most exciting race and a new world's record for the event. A Swedish team (in 1949) had previously put up the record for this event—of 15 mins. 30.2 secs.; but it was learnt a few hours before the White City race that a Hungarian team, running against a Russian team, had set up a new record of 15 mins. 29.2 secs. The British team of R. H. Dunkley, D. C. Law, D. A. G. Pirie and G. W. Nankeville, running in that order, won in 15 mins. 27.2 secs., with Sweden second in 15 mins. 29 secs., and Germany third.



B. SHENTON, OF LONDON, WINNING THE 100 YARDS IN 9.9 SECS. FROM P. TROLLSAS, OF STOCKHOLM. SHENTON ALSO WON THE 220 YARDS IN 22.1 SECS.



APPEALING FOR PUBLIC SUPPORT IN ITS TASK OF PRESERVING THE 18TH-CENTURY TEMPLES AND

In 1923 Stowe House, one of the largest and certainly one of the most beautiful Palladian houses in England, was sold by its last owner, Lady Kinloss, daughter of the last Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, and became Stowe School: opening in May of that year with a total of ninety-nine boys. To-day, with over 550 boys, it has secured a place among the great British public schools, largely due to the genius of its first headmaster, Mr. J. F. Roxburgh, who retired two

years ago. The great eighteenth-century house resulted from a combination of the wealth of the famous Lord Cobham and his successor, Earl Temple (reputed in the mid-eighteenth century to be the richest man in England), the architectural genius of Kent and Vanbrugh, Gibbs and the brothers Adam, and the advice and encouragement of Pope, Congreve, Horace Walpole and the younger Pitt and the leading statesmen and virtuosi of an England then ruled by a few closely

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL



MENTS IN ITS GROUNDS: STOWE SCHOOL—AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF THE FINE SOUTH FRONT.

ter-married great Whig families. Unfortunately, Stowe was later ruined by the extravagance of the second Duke of Buckingham and Chandos (who actually died the bailiffs in when he entertained Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort in 1845), so that when it became a school the house was derelict, the grounds—which are probably the finest extant example of the eighteenth-century landscape gardener's art—were a wilderness, and the many delightful temples, monuments,

obelisks and grottoes were falling into disrepair. Stowe School has no endowments and is finding it impossible in these times to afford, unaided, the upkeep of these delightful eighteenth-century buildings, which are not only part of the School but of England's heritage. On other pages we show impressions by our Artist, Mr. Bryan de Grineau, of some of the eighteenth-century buildings and monuments which are in urgent need of repair.

BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



SKILFULLY PLACED ON AN ARTIFICIALLY-CONSTRUCTED HILLOCK AND COMMANDING A VIEW OF THE ELEVEN-ACRE LAKE: VANBRUGH'S ROTUNDO. IN THE BACKGROUND ■ CHATHAM HOUSE, THE FIRST MODERN HOUSE TO BE ADDED TO THE SCHOOL. THE NINE-HOLE GOLF-COURSE (FOREGROUND) WAS CONSTRUCTED BY THE BOYS THEMSELVES.



DESIGNED BY GIBBS: THE 115-FT.-HIGH MONUMENT TO LORD COBHAM, ERECTED DURING HIS LIFETIME. THE HEAD IS POPULARLY SUPPOSED TO CONTAIN GOLD COINS.



COMPLETED IN 1749, THE YEAR OF LORD COBHAM'S DEATH: THE QUEEN'S TEMPLE, NOW USED AS A MUSIC SCHOOL AND PROVIDING A PERFECT SETTING FOR SCHOOL PLAYS.

THREATENED WITH DECAY UNLESS PUBLIC INTEREST AND AID CAN BE EVOKED: VANBRUGH'S ROTUNDO; THE COBHAM MONUMENT AND THE QUEEN'S TEMPLE IN THE GROUNDS OF STOWE SCHOOL.

Stowe, unlike so many great public schools, has no endowments, no reserves derived from benefactions or from savings accumulated in earlier and more prosperous days—in fact, it has nothing but its earnings to rely on. But it has an almost unique responsibility in that in its spacious grounds are a number of delightful eighteenth-century buildings which require urgent attention if they are

not to fall into decay. To help the School to meet this perpetual and growing burden, the Friends of Stowe Society have launched an appeal for £100,000 for the repair and upkeep of these historic buildings, and to provide other amenities. This appeal is addressed not only to Old Stoics but to all who are interested in preserving a unique epitome of the eighteenth century.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.

CARS OLD AND NEW: MOTORING FEATS, SAFETY FIRST, AND A TOMB.



TWO VETERAN CARS LEAVE FOR PARIS: A 1904 RENAULT AND A 1912 AUSTIN SEEN IN HYDE PARK ON SEPTEMBER 27. These two vehicles left Hyde Park on September 27 for the Veteran Car Run to Paris. The owner-driver of the 1904 Renault is Mr. H. F. Welham, and the 1912 Austin is owned and driven by Mr. T. E. Johnson. Both drivers hoped to arrive in Paris on the eve of the Motor Show.



WINNING THE GOODWOOD TROPHY ON SEPTEMBER 26: M. HAWTHORN DRIVING A FERRARI IN WHICH HE SET UP A NEW RACE RECORD. At Goodwood on September 26 M. Hawthorn won the Woodcote Cup and the Goodwood Trophy in a Ferrari. In the Woodcote Cup he beat the lap record, while his average speed for the whole race equalled that of the previous lap record. In the Goodwood Trophy he set up a new race record by averaging 92.70 m.p.h.



(LEFT.) A MAP SHOWING THE ROUTE OF THE 6500-MILE REDEX RELIABILITY TRIAL ROUND AUSTRALIA.

(RIGHT.) ONLY 600 MILES TO GO: T. SULMAN'S HUMBER SUPER SNIPE ARRIVING AT THE ARMY CONTROL POINT IN MELBOURNE DURING THE GRUELLING RACE.

In the 6500-mile Redex Reliability Trial round Australia which ended in Sydney on September 13, a Humber Super Snipe, driven by Mr. K. Robinson, finished second, being beaten by only one mark by a French Peugeot. Two other Super Snipes finished seventh and ninth.



LEARNING "SAFETY FIRST" ON THE ROADS: YOUNG COMPETITORS TAKING PART IN THE "MOST ROAD CONSCIOUS CHILD" CONTEST AT TOTTENHAM. As part of their scheme to foster "Safety First" amongst local children, Tottenham Borough Council recently held a competition to find the "Most Road Conscious Child." The contest was held in the Model Traffic Area of the Lordship Lane Recreation Ground.



AN UNUSUAL MEMORIAL IN A FRENCH CEMETERY: A REMARKABLE TOMB ERECTED BY M. JULES DELATTRE FOR HIMSELF AND MEMBERS OF HIS FAMILY AT SEBOURG. M. Jules Delattre, Director of the Valence Motor Omnibus Company of Sebourg (Nord) France, has had an unusual tomb erected for himself and his family in the local cemetery. As a lasting memorial to his services to the public, M. Delattre has had a granite version of one of his motor coaches set up on the tomb.



AMONG recent correspondence have been letters which have been concerned with various subjects discussed on this page during the past few months. Some of the letters were very much to the point; others led me up intriguing by-ways from which I was able to catch a glimpse of scenes until then unknown to me.

In the latter category I can with confidence place the wood carving of Fig. 4. How many who happen to glance at this page and have resisted the temptation to read the description underneath the photograph could say for what purpose it was originally made? Ten to one—no, a thousand to one—you are as ignorantly puzzled as I was when I first opened the envelope and looked at it. It reached my desk in this way.

Last March, I wrote about a very peculiar chair which belongs to Shere Church, in Surrey, the back of which appears to have been made up with an oval-topped carving which I suggested might have been designed originally as a panel to be fixed on the wall behind the altar. The design represented the chalice and Host surmounted by a crown supported by cherubs. The shape and style of this panel caught the eye of Mr. P. Beydals, of the newly-opened Historical Museum in Rotterdam, who wrote to ask whether there could be any connection between the chair-back and this Rotterdam carving. The proportions are not dissimilar, and the subjects are religious, but whereas the English panel has all the suavity of the late seventeenth century, the Dutch carving has a Gothic vigour about it which I should imagine makes it somewhat earlier. The carved coats of arms in the upper portion are, above, those of Holland and Leiden; below, those of Rotterdam and The Hague. In the centre portion is a horse-drawn chariot, with a groom standing at the horse's head, and beneath that a representation of Philip baptising the Eunuch, from the Acts of the Apostles.

Was this, then, also a panel intended for a church wall? The answer is no, and this is where you and I display our ignorance. The thing is something which, I am informed, is unknown in England—a mast-shield, which the Dutch, being both pious and not liking a mast to emerge from the deck without ornament, fixed to its foot. I gather such things are rare in Holland, and I hear from our own Maritime Museum at Greenwich that there is nothing of the kind in that magnificent collection. The Museum's letter adds: "A great deal more of this sort of carving has survived in Holland than in England, I suppose

because the Dutch yachts and local craft continued the tradition. There are still sailing around the Friesland lakes many miniature Bidders and Boeiers which might have come straight out of a painting by Van de Velde." That sentence is nicely calculated to send me off at once to Holland to see for myself; as this is out of the question for a long time to come I must rely upon others for further information.

Meanwhile, here is a photograph (Fig. 3) of a seventeenth-century room in the Rotterdam Museum (the Historical Museum, that is; not the Boymans), which provides some indication of the range and quality of the exhibits, from the oak chairs with



FIG. 1. PARTISAN PLATES MEMORIALISING GEORGE IV.'S QUEEN, CAROLINE OF BRUNSWICK. ALL THREE ARE STAFFORDSHIRE AND THE CENTRE ONE CARRIES THE LEGEND, "TO THE MEMORY OF QUEEN CAROLINE, THE INJURED QUEEN OF ENGLAND."

leather seats and backs fixed into place with brass nails and surmounted by lions' heads—familiar to all of us, as is the big cupboard, from innumerable seventeenth-century paintings—to the beautiful flowing curves of the wrought-iron-work in the foreground. (By the way, do visitors ever fall over the little brass

cannon? It seems nicely placed with that intention.) Clearly a museum in the modern manner, with excellent lighting and plenty of space.

Now back to England, and the aftermath of some talks on early Coronation souvenirs. These produced several entertaining letters, some of which led me down another by-way to the sorry story of a Queen who tried to attend her husband's Coronation but was turned away from the Abbey. It is not an edifying story, because the two principal characters are so unsympathetic that the worst one could wish them would be to have to live together for an æon or two, but none the less this squalid affair roused a good deal of partisanship and

the pottery manufacturers were not slow to place a tendentious plate or two on the market.

I have to thank two readers for photographs of plates concerned with the troubles of Caroline of Brunswick, consort to the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV. There is no need to go into details over this inexpressibly tedious tragi-comedy, but I must remind you of a date or two—which, indeed, the potter has done for us in the mourning plate in the centre of Fig. 1, where, beneath two cherubs and an urn, he tells us "Born May 17, 1768. Married April 8, 1791. Died Aug. 1821."—that is, a few days after she had been refused entry into the Abbey. Above is written, "To the Memory of Queen Caroline," and beneath,

By FRANK DAVIS.

"The Injured Queen of England." The other two plates in this photograph are content with her portrait and name without any expression of opinion. The portraits are both transfer-printed and all three plates are Staffordshire.

Fig. 2 seems to me a more ambitious and a more robust piece altogether, with the Queen in relief, as also the various emblems round the rim—rose, crown, thistle, love-knot, Prince of Wales' feathers. I suppose this could be from Staffordshire, but the owner's description—which I give word for word—seems to point rather to Sunderland. (Maybe someone can be quite definite about it?) "The hat is of purple lustre

with pea-green feathers; the coat also is pea-green. The hair is brownish red. The crowns on the border are red and yellow, with purple lustre bands." Not a particularly fastidious colour-scheme, but you don't expect the refinements of an earlier period at this time, and what the design loses in subtlety it makes up in vigour. Clearly, when such pieces as these could be placed on the market public opinion was more than usually



FIG. 2. ANOTHER QUEEN CAROLINE PLATE. "THIS COULD BE FROM STAFFORDSHIRE BUT THE OWNER'S DESCRIPTION . . . SEEMS TO POINT RATHER TO SUNDERLAND. . . . THE HAT IS OF PURPLE LUSTRE WITH PEA-GREEN FEATHERS; THE COAT ALSO IS PEA-GREEN. THE HAIR IS BROWNISH RED. THE CROWNS ON THE BORDER ARE RED AND YELLOW, WITH PURPLE LUSTRE BANDS."

stirred, so that it is not surprising to read that had the case in the House of Lords in 1820 on her return to England gone against her, George IV. might have lost his throne, and that the mob defied

the military after her death and forced her funeral cortege to proceed through the city of London on its way to Brunswick instead of by a circuitous route. Thus do these odds-and-ends of the potter's craft bear witness to popular sentiment.

Other items which were brought to my notice as a result of previous articles were some entertaining Victorian souvenirs of Royal marriages, and so forth—pieces of no great ceramic merit, but possessing an odd earthy charm. I can, for example, easily imagine the delight of the world and his wife in 1863 at the appearance in the shops and at country fairs of a Staffordshire biscuit-ware group of the wedding of the Prince of Wales, later Edward VII., and Princess Alexandra of Denmark—the Prince, sword at side, cocked hat in hand, his head slightly to one side, the Princess with her arm in his, and long ringlets. On the base is written: "May they

be happy." There is also an amusing if not very dignified pair of figures—William IV. and Queen Adelaide in Coronation robes. This pair put me in my place very definitely, for I had written that I was not aware of any pottery model for a crowned William IV. or Victoria—that is, one which could be clearly connected with their Coronations. I was wrong about William IV. and I dare say shall be confronted with a crowned Victoria of the year 1837 before very long.



FIG. 3. A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY ROOM IN THE NEWLY-OPENED ROTTERDAM HISTORICAL MUSEUM, WHICH GIVES SOME IDEA OF THE RANGE AND QUALITY OF THE EXHIBITS.



FIG. 4. A CARVED WOOD DUTCH MAST-SHIELD FROM THE COLLECTION OF THE ROTTERDAM HISTORICAL MUSEUM—A PIECE WHICH THROWS LIGHT ON A SIMILAR PANEL WHICH WAS DISCUSSED IN MR. DAVIS'S ARTICLE IN OUR ISSUE OF MARCH 14, 1953.

"The carved coats of arms in the upper portion are, above, those of Holland and Leiden; below, those of Rotterdam and The Hague. In the centre portion is a horse-drawn chariot, with a groom standing at the horse's head, and beneath that a representation of Philip baptising the Eunuch, from the Acts of the Apostles."

RENOIR : A SELECTION FROM THE CURRENT TATE GALLERY EXHIBITION.

ON September 25 there opened at the Tate Gallery an exhibition of paintings and sculptures by Renoir which is virtually the same as that which graced the Edinburgh Festival. Two landscapes which appeared at Edinburgh do not appear at the Tate, but a painting, "La Coiffure," which was not shown at Edinburgh, is being included at the Tate. In all there are forty-eight items by this most delightful of French painters, ranging in time from the "Group by a Boat" painted when he was twenty-one, to a painting, "Woman Tying Up Her Shoe," and a sculpture, "The Washerwoman," which both date from 1918, the year before he died at the age of seventy-eight. This is the first public one-man exhibition of Renoir's work in Great Britain for many years and the selection was made by the Director of the Tate Gallery, Sir John Rothenstein, for the Edinburgh Festival and he also has written the introduction to the catalogue. The Exhibition remains open to Oct. 25.



"LA PREMIÈRE SORTIE." PAINTED ABOUT 1876.
(Oil on canvas ; 25½ by 19½ ins.) (Lent by the Trustees of the Tate Gallery.)



"GIRL PLAYING A GUITAR." PAINTED IN 1890.
(Oil on canvas ; 24 by 19½ ins.) (Lent by M. Charles Durand-Ruel.)



"LA PARISIENNE." PAINTED IN 1874.
(Oil on canvas ; 63 by 41½ ins.) (Lent by the National Museum of Wales.)



"GROUP BY A BOAT." PAINTED IN 1862 AND ONE OF
HIS EARLIEST SURVIVING WORKS.
(Oil on canvas ; 20 by 24 ins.) (Lent by Messrs. Reid and Lefevre.)



"CHILD WITH CAT." PAINTED IN 1887.
(Oil on canvas ; 25½ by 21½ ins.) (Lent by Mme. Ernest Rouart.)



"LADY WITH A PARASOL." PAINTED IN 1877.
(Oil on canvas ; 18½ by 22½ ins.) (Lent by the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.)



"PORTRAIT OF MADAME X." PAINTED IN 1875.
(Oil on canvas ; 25½ by 21½ ins.) (Lent by M. Paul Brame.)

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

LAUGHING MATTERS.

By J. C. TREWIN.

I NEVER used to think it was a laughing matter when Falstaff indulged in those irrelevant frolics on and about the battlefield of Shrewsbury. He should, I felt, have stayed in his proper place, the Boar's Head Tavern, Eastcheap, and not interfered with the clash of arms. And I could not forgive him his final stab at the dead Hotspur ("Therefore, sirrah, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me"). Although, on occasion, the late Roy Byford could persuade me against my will, during the last decade only two Falstaffs have made me revise my opinion of the Shrewsbury scenes.



"TRIAL AND ERROR," AT THE VAUDEVILLE THEATRE: A SCENE IN WHICH ANDREA (CONSTANCE CUMMINGS) TRIES TO CLARIFY THE POSITION WITH HER TWO HUSBANDS, CLAUD (NAUNTUN WAYNE) AND DUDLEY (DEREK FARR).

There was Ralph Richardson in the famous Old Vic "Henry the Fourth, Part One," of eight years ago. Now Donald Wolfit has been appearing at the King's, Hammersmith: his first bout with the true Falstaff, for I refuse to count the wickerwork dummy of "The Merry Wives."

He is not altogether right at present, but it is clear that he will soon be in Falstaff's mind. When I saw him he was growing into the part where we least expected it—upon Shrewsbury field. In Eastcheap the sun is still struggling through. This Falstaff enjoys his own wit; he cannot yet make us feel, as he must, that his lifted can does brim with sack. That will come, for Wolfit is a comedian able to explore a phrase, savour its richness. We can be sure that, in months ahead, few of Falstaff's laughing matters will go astray.

What surprises me, in this straightforward revival, is that the before-battle catechism on Honour (agreed, a fine speech), and the later Falstaffian rallies in the field itself, should take the imagination more strongly than the fooling on Gadshill and in the tavern. Mr. Wolfit has a sage logician's wisdom at "Honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour pricks me off when I come on?" That returns to us sharply when, later, he sees the body of Blunt and exclaims: "There's honour for you! here's no vanity." Throughout, the actor does recognise Falstaff's comic stature; reasonably, he flicks away, "Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him," which as a laughing matter is uncommonly faint.

I delight in the historical passages of "Henry the Fourth": the heady verse of the Civil War. But though, for the most part, this is serviceably rendered at Hammersmith (I found the King himself heavy going), it must remain Falstaff's play. Pleasantly, the programme offers the full title: "The history of Henry the Fourth, with the battell at Shrewsburie betwene the King and Lord Henrie Percy, with the humorous conceits of Sir John Falstaffe." The humorous conceits; yes, indeed. Banish plump Jack, and banish all the world. Or most of it.

It has been a week for humorous conceits. In the West End, at the Vaudeville, we have the spectacle of a wife, on her second wedding day, flanked by two husbands. It is a little complex. The first husband had vanished—his name, by the way, was Nightshade, so his wife called him Dudley (a laughing matter)—and unkind rumour said that she had pushed him off a liner to drown. In fact, she had stood trial for murder and had been acquitted: most properly, because Nightshade was alive, in a Liberian gaol. Unknowing, she married again: her second choice a good man and true, none other than Nauntun Wayne, a trifle bothered by the whole business (as who wouldn't be?) It is certainly a humorous conceit when Nightshade drops into the honeymoon house on the Sussex coast.

To put it gently, the plot of "Trial and Error" is contrived; the author must have worked it out with matchsticks and lumps of sugar. Still, visitors to the Vaudeville should care less about what happens than about the way in which the players behave: Nauntun Wayne, a baffled butterball of a man; Derek Farr, at once prickly and suave; and Constance Cummings, who, for all her purring charm, seems quite ready to commit murder at any moment (and what is that book on the Borgias she has been reading?). I have always thought stage jokes about deafness as tasteless as jokes about stammering; but

Nora Nicholson does get me to believe that the conventional deaf aunt of "Trial and Error" is funny. We have, too, the engaging Nan Munro with a voice amusingly at times like the wind in telegraph wires, and Patricia Heneghan as a young and shy reporter whose first line, charmingly, is "I'm from the Sun." The actors revel in these idiosyncrasies; and as, unlike so many farces, the piece foams more strongly than ever in the third act instead of slipping off into a sandy delta of explanation, we must hold that "Trial and Error" is a laughing

matter. It has to live, of course, beside innumerable flitter-twitch comedies from the past; we may not remember much of it two minutes after finding ourselves in the roar of the Strand. For all that, thanks more to the cast than to Kenneth Horne (the author), it does keep us from peering at our programmes or examining the decoration of the house.

The Hippodrome, after experimenting with intimate revue, has now gone to another form of humorous conceit: to a blend of variety (on an ordinary stage) and general gambolling (on ice). This curiously quiet entertainment is called "Champagne on Ice," and



"TRIAL AND ERROR": A SCENE FROM ACT II. WHEN AUNT GERTRUDE (NORA NICHOLSON) ARRIVES TO ACT AS CHAPERONE IN THE *MÉNAGE À TROIS* AFTER ANDREA (CONSTANCE CUMMINGS) AND CLAUD (NAUNTUN WAYNE) HAVE HAD THEIR HONEYMOON INTERRUPTED BY THE ARRIVAL OF DUDLEY (DEREK FARR), ANDREA'S FIRST HUSBAND.

it has the benefit of an accomplished skater and unforced actress, Belita. She is on top of her world when she skims the stage among a little flurry of powdered ice from her skates. Looking back now, I think of a modest comedian called Joe Church, who comes on early in the proceedings with some not very funny jokes, and gently, tolerantly encourages the house to laugh. He appears to say: "Well, after all, now we're here, let's make the best of it"; and his air of mild candour and an occasional swallow-dive into madness ("I'm a chain-smoker," he observes, holding up a pipe stuffed with a length of chain) render him thoroughly likeable. I would like him all the more if his script matched his manner: a few genuine laughing matters would help.

I am afraid that there was nothing to laugh about in "Lucky Boy," which, when this appears, may or may not be on at the Winter Garden; frankly, I shall be surprised if it is. It is a vague little comedy, with music by seven composers. At the première it was lost from the start. Nothing clicked into place, though Doris Hare, working with almost fierce goodwill, and Harry Welchman (as a Brigadier-husband with a past) strove to urge the tired dialogue along. There were unkind noises from the gallery. The cast must have known fairly soon what kind of reception it would have from one part of the house. Maybe that was why the second scene of the third act—"On-stage at the Theatre Royal"—which was to have been, one gathered, an excerpt from the musical play much discussed in the text, remained unacted.

The dejected manoeuvres of "Lucky Boy" must stay with me as one of the strangest theatrical occasions of recent months; rather less of a laughing matter, in fact, than the stupid and pointless joke played by Shakespeare's Prince Hal and Pious upon the little "drawer," Francis, of the Boar's Head. Incidentally, I spy an actor in Ronald Harwood, who took this tiny part of the bewildered Francis at Hammersmith and created a character: the boy, one felt, would still have a life off-stage.



A SCENE FROM ACT III. OF KENNETH HORNE'S NEW COMEDY, "TRIAL AND ERROR": THE REPORTER (PATRICIA HENEGHAN) AND A PRESS PHOTOGRAPHER (BRIAN SMITH) GET THE MATERIAL FOR A "SCOOP"—A HONEYMOON WITH TWO HUSBANDS, NEITHER OF WHOM APPRECIATES THE SITUATION.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"TRIAL AND ERROR" (Vaudeville).—This helter-skelter light comedy about a wife with two husbands, works up to a suitably blithering third act, and is played by Constance Cummings, Nauntun Wayne, and Derek Farr with pace and enjoyment. Kenneth Horne is the author; and, in its airy fashion, it is good fun. (September 17.)
 "CHAMPAGNE ON ICE" (Hippodrome).—An unpretentious blend of ice revue and straight variety. Belita is a graceful skater. The almost pleading comedy of Joe Church and the balloon-fantasies of Wally Boag help the evening. (September 17.)
 "WALTER GORE BALLET" (Prince's).—The first programme of a new company led with ability by Walter Gore and Paula Hinton. (September 22.)
 "CAPRICCIO" (Covent Garden).—Strauss's difficult "conversation-piece for music" evenly sung by the Bavarian Company. (September 22.)
 "LUCKY BOY" (Winter Garden).—No; not very lucky. (September 22.)
 "SPRING SONG" (Embassy).—The revival of a Jewish-American comedy by Bella and Samuel Spewack. (September 22.)



"CARTE BLANCHE," WITH CHOREOGRAPHY BY WALTER GORE; MUSIC BY JOHN ADDISON; AND DECOR BY KENNETH ROWELL; "WALTZ," SHOWING (L. TO R.) DONALD BRITTON, STELLA FARRANCE, STANLEY HOLDEN, PAULINE WADSWORTH, DAVID GILL, DOREEN TEMPEST, PIRMIN TRECUI, AND YVONNE CARTIER.



"CASSATION"—THE FINAL GROUP OF THE CIRCUS SCENE: SHOWING THE CAPTIVATING PANTOMIME HORSE AND, ON THE RIGHT, THE TRAPEZE ARTISTS.



"FINALE": THE SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE BALLET COMPANY IN THE NEW BALLET, "CARTE BLANCHE," WHICH IS BASED ON A SERIES OF MOTIF IDEAS.

THE LONDON PREMIÈRE OF A NEW BALLET AT SADLER'S WELLS: WALTER GORE'S "CARTE BLANCHE."

The new ballet season which was due to open at Sadler's Wells Theatre on October 2 has as its highlight the new ballet, "Carte Blanche," created by Walter Gore, whose new company opened a season of ballet at the Prince's Theatre on September 22. "Carte Blanche" had its world première during the Edinburgh Festival on September 10, and, following its London première,

further performances are being given by the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet Company on October 5, 7, 10, 16, 17 and 24. The ballet is a gay divertissement based on no story but rather on a series of motif ideas, to each of which is given as title a musical term—in effect, the choreographer's interpretation of musical terms, each expressed in a separate rhythm.

THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

ROADS TO ISLES.

By PETER FORSTER.

IT is somewhat ironical that Alan Dent, who is a Scot and therefore a Stevensonian, should have taken himself "off to Philadelphia in the morning," just before the appearance of a film eminently suited to bring into play both traits; that, in fact, he should have landed in the United States on the very day that "The Master of Ballantrae" (Warner Theatre) was shown to the Press. The field is thus left to one who is but a quarter-Scots ("Forsters, Fenwicks and Musgraves they rode and they ran. . . . But the fair bride of Netherby ne'er did they see") and also only a quarter-Stevensonian—a Treasure Islander, shall we say, rather than a latent donkey-traveller?

At the same time, and perhaps because of all this, it may be that I enjoyed the film considerably more than would Mr. Dent or any of those stern-faced (I almost wrote G. B. Stern-faced) devotees of the Stevenson cult, as it has become. "Stands Scotland where it did?" inquires Macduff, and I think that after this film Mr. Dent would have echoed Ross's reply: "Alas, poor country; Almost afraid to know itself!"

Well, Warner Brothers proclaim plainly enough at the outset that this is no more than "an adaptation" of R.L.S.'s novel, so reaction to the result must surely depend in the main on how highly you value the original work. And here honesty forces me to admit that with this book, as elsewhere in Stevenson, my own reaction is to read a few dozen pages of the exquisite, mellifluous writing ("Bright is the ring of words"), admiring it dispassionately, almost as one might mark a passage of prose for examination purposes, until a moment arrives when I start to wonder whether I care in the very least what it is all about, and my attention begins to wander. In sum, the Stevensonian subjects (as distinct from his style) do not arouse in me the echoes they find in his idolators. Were I more Scots it would, no doubt, be quite

a battle is, of course, inevitable: the redcoats are roundly defeated, and Master Flynn and Alison gallop off gaily into a tartan sunset.

Those familiar with the novel will notice that there is no Captain Teach, no Indian episode, no Secundra Dass, and no finale in the North American forest. And, again, I am bound to say that I find it hard to grow angry about these losses; after all, the best of the book

I have huge blind spots, which cover much of Russia and most of China, but I long to go to that part of the world where, in the phrase from the old hymn, islands "lift their fronded palms in air"—those patterns of islands that Sir Arthur Grimble has described so beguilingly. Anyone proposing a Film Festival in the Pacific can always be sure of finding at least one London critic eager to attend! And "Return to Paradise" (Odeon, Leicester Square) panders quite deliciously to this passion. It is made and played on one small atoll, a place which some of Stevenson's own lines describe perfectly: "The Isle was all bright sand, And flailing fans and shadows of the palm."

"Return to Paradise" is one of the stories in the book (whose name is that of the film) which James A. Michener wrote to follow his "Tales of the South Pacific," from which Rodgers and Hammerstein rather surprisingly made their legendary musical play. The plot tells of an itinerant beachcomber named Morgan, who lands on the tiny isle of Matareva, ruled most rigorously and puritanically by an English parson. The interloper asserts his right to live as he pleases. He fights the churchwardens who attempt to make him pray. When the parson's men pull down his hut, he shoots out the parson's windows. And before long the islanders take courage from his example, to free themselves. Morgan goes to live with a native girl, but leaves the island after she dies in child-birth. Years later, during the recent war, he brings stores and supplies back to Matareva; he finds that he has a half-caste daughter almost grown-up, and is able to intervene in her affair with a designing American soldier. His old quarrel with the parson is

made up, and the wanderer finds a home at last.

That is the story, and it is told simply and honestly, particularly the first half. It has elements of both "Rain" and "The Vessel of Wrath," being at once lighter than the first and more serious than the second. Morgan is played by Gary Cooper, the parson by Barry Jones, and both these experienced and expert players seem to acquire greater sincerity through their contact with the unprofessional locals who form and fill the background. The action is accompanied and occasionally interrupted by a subtle little song which cunningly employs a few characteristic Hawaiian cadences: it is a device much in vogue since "The Third Man's" zither theme, but its use here seems to me unusually pleasant.



A SCENE FROM "THE MASTER OF BALLANTRAE," A FILM BASED ON ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S FAMOUS NOVEL: THE SENTRY, BLINDED WITH GRUEL, IS THREATENED BY BURKE (ROGER LIVESLEY) WHILE JAMIE (ERROL FLYNN) PREPARES TO ESCAPE FROM HIS PRISON CELL, ANXIOUSLY WATCHED BY HIS FORMER SWEETHEART, JESSIE BROWN (YVONNE FURNEAUX).

different. Or (pace certain of his warmest admirers) if I were not Scots at all.

Whence it follows that I am not over-resentful of Warner Brothers' film. And what is more, one must note that it sticks closely to the novel (to judge by my own copy) for some eight whole pages, which for a Hollywood adaptation of a classic shows quite remarkable fidelity. Thus we have, in the House of Durrissdeer at the beginning of the '45 Rebellion, the altercation that is resolved by "one son going forth to strike a blow for King James, my lord and the other staying at home to keep in favour with King George." Thereafter Stevenson is sunk by Mr. Herb Meadow, author of the screenplay, with little discernible trace.

Mr. Meadow then concocts a typical piece of Errol Flynnery, showing that celebrated performer loosely masquerading as the Master of Ballantrae, leading a gang of pirates in the West Indies, enjoying a brief interlude among the dancing girls in port, afterwards returning to Durrissdeer on the eve of the betrothal of his fiancée, Alison, to his younger brother, Henry (the names are retained). A family quarrel ensues, at the end of which the two brothers take on a whole regiment of King George's redcoats. The result of such

is in the beginning. The later stages smack strongly of over-contrivance, doubtless because Stevenson was writing against time and inclination to supply instalments for serialisation in *Scribner's* magazine. It was, he said, "the hardest job I ever had to do." And the fakir Dass, though he may have been based on a true story told by Stevenson's uncle, is generally held to be an unconvincing encumbrance.

Where the film is open to criticism is that it neglects to play the strong cards that Stevenson does offer. The jealousy of the brothers, the old father's favouritism, Alison's dilemma, being in love with one brother yet married to the other—all these things have far more meaning in the book, and the list could be prolonged.

Having decided not to emphasise the conception of the good and the wicked brother—that variation on Stevenson's favourite motif of two sides in a single character—Warner's have cast their film very adequately, always understood that the film was to be a straightforward adventure yarn. It is a good many years now since Mr. Errol Flynn burst upon us with immense dash and Irish charm as Sabatini's Captain Blood, and of late one feared this stock performance to have

become somewhat anæmic. But here he seems much revived. He sweeps ladies up to his saddle with great gusto—equestrian amours have always been a feature of Flynn films—and he duels with fearsome vigour. As brother Henry, Mr. Anthony Steel is at the disadvantage of being less of a screen personality and more of an actor, so that he is over-shadowed. Roger Livesey makes one of his infrequent screen appearances as the blarneying Colonel Francis Burke, and a strikingly good-looking newcomer, Yvonne Furneaux, manages to get her Jessie Brown considerably more mixed up in the plot than was Stevenson's drabber doxy.

But if R.L.S. would have been startled by "The Master of Ballantrae," there is another new film which I hazard he would have greeted with more enthusiasm, set, as it is, on a South Sea Island. And here let me attempt to propitiate the Stevensonians by pleading at least one passion in common: I yearn to visit the South Seas! In the matter of traveller's fancies



"RETURN TO PARADISE" (UNITED ARTISTS): A SCENE IN WHICH MAEVA (ROBERTA HAYNES) KEEPS THE RING WITH A SHOT-GUN WHILE MORGAN (GARY COOPER) GIVES THE WARDEN WHO BEAT HER A TASTE OF HIS OWN MEDICINE, TO THE DELIGHT OF THE ISLANDERS AND THE FURY OF PASTOR COBBETT (BARRY JONES).

But not unsurprisingly the camera is really the star performer. We are given sunsets and the fronded palms and the blue sea, and also what (as travellers remind us) is very common weather in the Pacific—rain and storms, with the resultant beauty of many-toned grey skies, and dark seas breaking over the reefs. It is not an important film, but it may well give pleasure to those with longings like my own. And I think that the R.L.S. who wrote "The Master of Ballantrae" beside the beach at Waikiki, would have enjoyed it, too.

THE POLICEWOMAN'S LOT: ASPECTS OF HER TRAINING AT MILL MEECE.



(ABOVE.) ON PARADE AT NO. 4 DISTRICT POLICE TRAINING CENTRE: MEN AND WOMEN OF THE WEST MIDLANDS AREA POLICE FORCES DRILLING TOGETHER.

NO. 4 Police Training Centre at Mill Meece, Staffordshire, is one of eight such centres started in 1945 on a trial basis and now a permanent feature of police training. Mill Meece provides a basic course of instruction for recruits to the county and borough police forces in the West Midlands area and shares with No. 1 District Centre at Bruche, Warrington, the responsibility for training all police-women for county and borough police forces in England and Wales, with the exception of recruits to the Metropolitan Police, who have their own school. The aim of the training is to give the police recruit a theoretical and practical knowledge of law and procedure, and to provide instruction in self-defence, swimming, life-saving and first-aid. Since its inauguration students at Mill Meece have gained over 7000 awards for proficiency in first-aid from the St. John Ambulance Association, and over 6000 awards of the Royal Life-Saving Society.



GIVING FIRST-AID TO "CASUALTIES" AFTER A CAR ACCIDENT: POLICEWOMEN UNDER INSTRUCTION AT MILL MEECE, NEAR ECCLESHALL, STAFFORDSHIRE.



LEARNING POLICE-COURT PROCEDURE: A POLICEWOMAN UNDER INSTRUCTION TAKES THE OATH IN THE WITNESS-BOX AT MILL MEECE.



POLICEWOMEN PRACTISING ARTIFICIAL RESPIRATION UNDER THE INSTRUCTION OF POLICE-SERGEANT A. V. CHALLINOR—THE CENTRE HAS GAINED MANY AWARDS FOR FIRST-AID, SWIMMING AND LIFE-SAVING.



TRAINING IN SELF-DEFENCE: A POLICEWOMAN SENDS A MALE COLLEAGUE TO THE GROUND WITH A SHOULDER THROW.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

It is not unusual to appraise a story by its bulk, or to regard that as a vital element. At least, it is not done officially. Yet I believe it counts for a good deal in actual taste. People do tend to like just so much reading matter at a stretch, content and quality apart. Of course, the ideal limit is extremely various; and, on the whole, the worst provided for are those with whom a very little text goes a long way. Here an unusual range can be supplied, and it seems only right to lead off with the picture-book.

"For Whom the Cloche Tolls," by Angus Wilson and Philippe Jullian (Methuen; 10s. 6d.), struck me as having put its worst foot foremost. The title disaffects one in advance, and at the end, after the whole point has been taken, it is still embarrassing. Though, of course, eminently neat: for this small work is the obituary of a vanished time, starting with Maisie's funeral. Maisie, a toothpaste heiress from the Middle West, the widow of an English officer, and in her "man-mad" zenith the epitome of *joie de vivre*, has died in 1951, after a generation of eclipse. Her wealth went in the Kreuger smash; of her two Bright Young Things, Bridget is now a county matron, while the æsthetic Tata has joined a Catholic Brotherhood in Chile. But, says her sister-in-law, Alice—who, though respectability itself, used to hoard every snap and cutting from the gayer world, "How that funny old photograph recalls it all!" Now is the time to look them out—and to fit Maisie with a "character." Others are prompted to chip in, so she adds "Tata's clever letter," "a sweet letter from dear Bridget," and other facets of opinion. Then we have "Maisie's odd moments in literature"—her all-but-imperceptible presentment by distinguished hands. And meanwhile not only the text, but the surrounding past is in a flood of album light.

But the truth is that I have not the wedding garment. When people talk about the 'twenties, all I can feel is that in my day they were not like that. I am persuaded we were just the same, only, of course, much younger and in strange disguise. The one confounding element is the get-up—but this is no more than an optical delusion, as it was then, and in the fashion of all fashions. And if the 'twenties never seemed to be, how can one "rediscover" them at the judicious hour? This little volume is decidedly for those who can.

OTHER FICTION.

Now comes the bulk-lover's alternative. Though I must own that "Five Short Novels," by Doris Lessing (Michael Joseph; 12s. 6d.), does not exactly fit the case; it is a lot to read, but it has not the primary attraction of going on and on. There are five pieces—novels, and not short stories, we are told; but though five novels to a book may seem largesse, it is not everyone's idea of comfort. While, on the other hand, a long-short story, by whatever name, is only a *nouvelle* at last.

And yet there is some ground for the distinction. These stories have unusual mass; they make a lot to read, not just in bulk, but through sheer density and pressure. Four of the tales are set in Africa, and three concern themselves, in one way or another, with the "native problem." "A Home for the Highland Cattle" shows a green English wife trying to be Liberal against the wind, in a complete absence of visibility. "The Ant-heap" is the story of a mine, and of a difficult and fighting friendship between white and coloured; while "Hunger," once again, deals with the kraal boy in the city streets. All three are full of vigour and intelligence—but they were not my choice; they have a strong and dubious taste of the didactic. In the remaining two, one might say that the theme, or part of it, is the antithesis between the sexes. One has a London setting, and a rare vein of comedy. The other, "Eldorado," is about the quest for gold—or buried treasure, or the secret of the Pyramids, or the philosopher's stone, or, anyhow, "something for nothing." This time it happens to be gold; but in the eyes of Maggie, the Scots wife, they are all one—they are the moonstruck masculine alternative to solid work.

Miss Lessing's peril is an increasing aptitude for solid work. This excites great respect, but it is baneful to fluidity and charm.

"The Midlanders," by Elizabeth Coxhead (Collins; 10s. 6d.), is neither short nor long—and it is nearly all fluidity and charm. Only one can't say much about it. One can't quite praise it as a story; nor can one even say that it is no relapse from "A Play Toward," in which the scene and characters were introduced. Here we are back again at Alney, where class (the Bannisters), culture (Sophia's parents at the Grammar School, and their tough protégé Lance Dixon) and vulgar brass (a larger group, with Councillor Goadby at the summit) are the three estates. Last time the focal episode was a school play, but now we are to watch Sophia through her childhood. That is, to skim ten years of local gossip and development, while the conceited "brainless" little girl—in Alney a white crow—ripens to marriageable age. Though long before, she has resolved in agony not to "compete." In fact, she is not everybody's choice. Fortune, however, has been providing all the time, in the most obvious, delightful way. This wide-spaced theme has none of the intensities of "A Play Toward"; but for enjoyment and intelligence, and charm of style, one could not easily do better.

"The Scarlet Letters," by Ellery Queen (Gollancz; 10s. 6d.), begins well, with the crack-up of ideal bliss. At first Dirk Lawrence and his devoted pigeon Martha are described by all as "two nice, interesting young people." Then the nice Dirk starts making furious or drunken scenes; and presently sobs, roars and breaking furniture are a routine. Ellery gets involved because his secretary, Nikki Porter, is Martha's bosom friend. And soon he learns what has gone wrong; Dirk, a romantic, literary type, is in the clutches of neurotic jealousy. Ellery urges him to get on with his book, and lends him Nikki as a stimulus—but also as a guardian spy. He is afraid for Martha's life; and how much more when it appears she has a follower, an ageing Romeo in a toupee. The lovers meet by code, with Ellery trailing them throughout the book. . . . Rather grotesque, but most ingeniously kept going with quite a big bang at the end.

K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

ENCYCLOPÆDIC.

NEW YEAR'S DAY is rarely, to my mind, sweetened by the reviews of the events of the past year served up to us by the more sinuous newspapers. It is a day on which we look forward with bright hope and with so far untarnished resolutions to the future. This year, we tell ourselves, is sure to be better than last; we shall be healthier, more economical and more energetic; the tax-collector will be less exacting, the Russians more amenable. And then we settle down to the study of what went on in the twelve months behind us, and realise once more the vanity of human wishes. Perhaps the gloom which overspreads these surveys is caused by the fact that they deal almost exclusively with the achievements and failures of mankind. Granted that "the proper study of mankind is man," yet the effect of concentrated researches in this single direction is apt to be souring to the spirit. That is why it is such a relief to turn to the

"*Britannica Book of the Year, 1953: Events of 1952*" (Encyclopædia Britannica Ltd.; 3 gns.), in which "observation, with extensive view," surveys not only "mankind from China to Peru," but China and Peru themselves, together with much else of a soothing character, such as—to take some examples at random—Congregational Churches, Country Life and Cricket. The discerning reader will mark that I have skipped lightly over the Communist Movement, Contract Bridge and the Cost of Living, which must all be classified as definitely inflammatory, in the sense which I have just deplored. Thus, supposing that the opening article (Abyssinia: see *Ethiopia*) arouses painful memories of political ineptitude, one may turn to the last (Zoology) and solace oneself with the photograph of a penguin parading in the full panoply of proud paternity. (Having turned to the P's to see whether alliteration was still admissible in 1952, I was sorry to find that Poetry does not find a place; there is nothing between Plastics and Poland). The compilers of this admirable record leave very few such gaps. Hockey and the Home Guard are perhaps fairly obvious candidates for inclusion, and so are Polo, Prisoners-of-War and Psychiatry, but it shows what I should describe as erudition to discourse on Batista (Fulgencio) and on Ba U, politicians with whom most of us are but distantly acquainted. There are excellent articles on Hotels, Restaurants and Inns, and on Wines, and a most useful collection of obituaries, headed, of course, by a full page on his late Majesty King George VI., from the distinguished pen of Roger Fulford. Many of the articles are written and signed by acknowledged experts on the subjects concerned—a vast improvement on the anonymity which reigns elsewhere in this field of writing, and which sometimes conceals deplorable partisan bias. The photographs, too, are pleasing and well-chosen.

We are most of us woefully ignorant of American history. How many people on "this side of the water" could write a brief essay on Yale University—or even tell us, with circumstantial exactness, where it is situated? These reflections occurred to me while I was enjoying Mr. Rollin G. Osterweis's "*Three Centuries of New Haven*" (Yale University Press. London: Geoffrey Cumberlege, Oxford University Press; 40s.), the story of the colony founded in 1638 by Theophilus Eaton and John Davenport, "Bible-conscious men, who thought in terms of Exodus and Deuteronomy, and identified their trials and aspirations with those of the children of Israel." Their aim was to set up a Puritan theocracy, based on a committee of magistrates and ministers, and grimly Mosaic in its penal code. Their "Bible State" did not endure beyond 1665, when it was absorbed by Connecticut, but the triple impulse—religion, education and trade—given to it by its founders has lasted, so the author tells us, to this day. For business, as well as the Bible, was a leading preoccupation of that "business-like man of God and God-fearing man of trade," Theophilus Eaton. Yale was the outcome of the stress laid upon education, and the infant university was first established in New Haven in 1716. Mr. Osterweis traces the history of both town and university through the Revolutionary period to the tercentenary of 1938. It is a lively and interesting record. One may hope that this book, and others like it, may be widely read in this country, for they make a notable contribution to the essential basis of what we unimaginatively describe as "Anglo-American relations."

Messrs. Ernest Benn's "*Blue Guides*" are edited by Mr. L. Russell Muirhead, and the style in which they are written and the delicacy of their comment certainly reflect his distinguished supervision. The new "*Short Guide to Edinburgh*" (Ernest Benn; 10s.) lives up to the best tradition, and the discerning traveller will find it invaluable. British guide-books do not, of course, exhibit the outspoken dogmatism of, for instance, the "Guide Michelin," but they manage to convey almost as much information. In the section on hotels we find: "Large first-class hotels, with all modern comforts and conveniences, are to be found in Edinburgh and the leading tourist and golfing centres; elsewhere the better hotels are comfortable if not luxurious, and less pretentious, but clean and adequate quarters may be found everywhere." Very pleasantly and suitably "pawky"!

Messrs. Robert Hale, too, have done much to encourage appreciation of our under-publicised homeland. The pictures in "*Skye and the Inner Hebrides*," by A. A. MacGregor (Robert Hale; 18s.), are among the best ever published in the series of County Books, and perfectly illustrate the rugged enchantment and the ancient Christian civilisation of these islands. The district would appear also to be unusually healthy, if we can believe Mary MacCrain's tombstone at Inverlussa, Jura: "Mary MacCrain, died in 1856 aged 128, Descendant of Gillour MacCrain, who kept a Hundred and Eighty Christmasses in his own house, And who died in the reign of Charles I."

"*The Isle of Wight*," by Monica Hutchings (Robert Hale; 18s.), appears in the companion series of Regional Books. Wight has a long history behind it, but has managed to project itself successfully into the present. The only abbey on the island—Quarr—is not ruined, but houses a flourishing monastic community. And the note of modernity is carried still further by the frequent presence in Wight of Mr. J. B. Priestley.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

THERE was a curious incident when the third round of the Chess Congress continued here to-day," ran a newspaper report from Paignton. "Milner-Barry, in play against Copping" [the game I gave last week!] "made an illegal move with his king's rook. As there was no alternative move for the rook, however, there was no penalty."

The old law was that, if you made an illegal move and couldn't move the touched piece anywhere else, you had to move your king—a penalty which might be perfectly harmless or, on the other hand, might wreck your game (in general, however, the effect of having to make any other move than the one you wish becomes progressively more unpleasant, the higher the class of chess you attain).

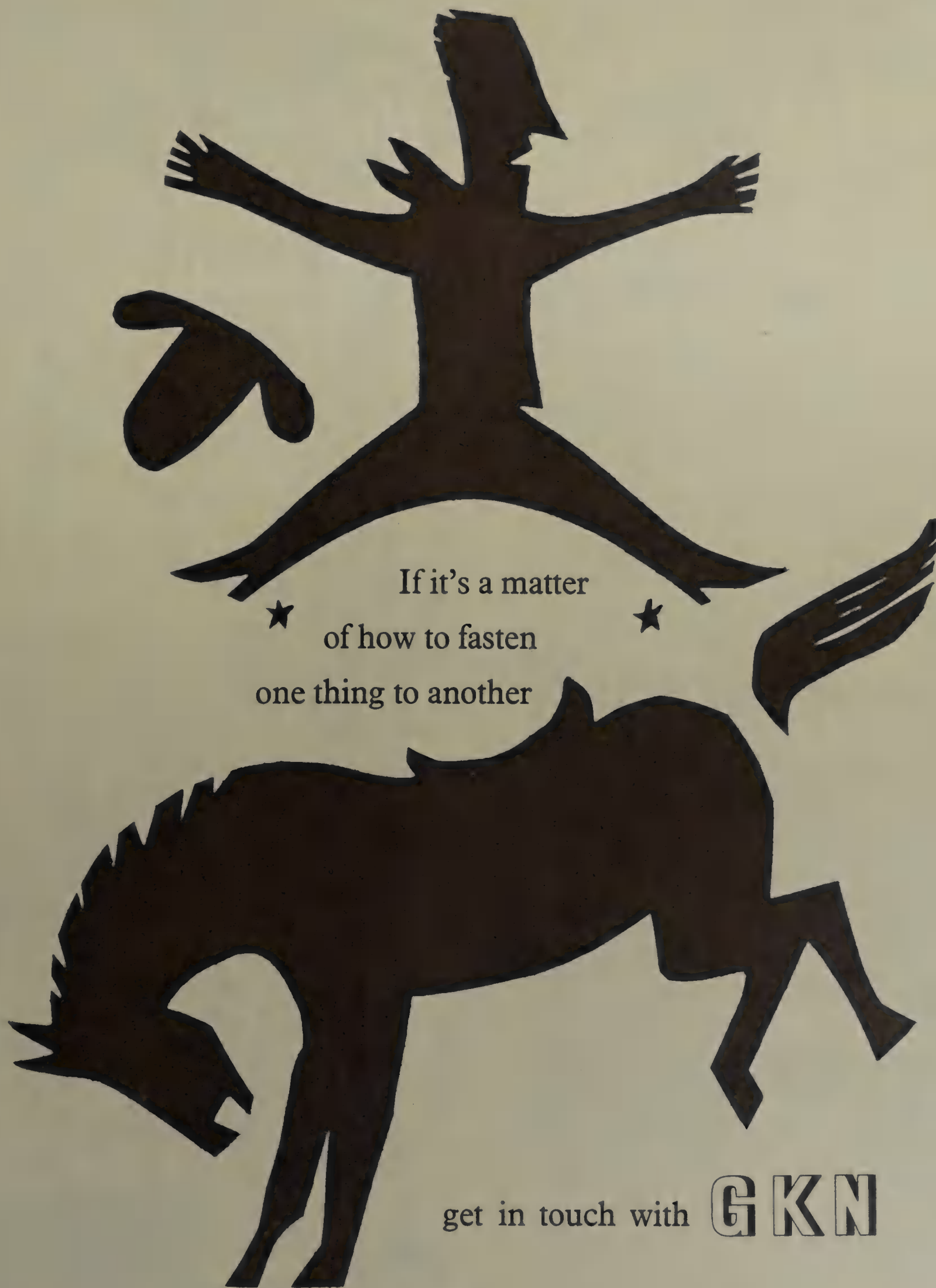
Everybody welcomed the abolition of the forced king move. Now, you can substitute any legal move by any other piece. For some quarter of a century you have been at liberty (had you only known it!) to finger freely any of your men which might not legally move. If you do let yourself go in this respect in any future game, it would be well to avoid it when it is your opponent's turn to move, otherwise he might come back at you nastily in a roundabout way for disturbing his process of thought—an offence for which, rather curiously, the penalties are becoming steadily more drastic.

Alekhine committed an error as amazingly absent-minded as Milner-Barry's when, in a front-rank Continental tournament, he made two moves in succession. Officials rushed about trying to establish the penalty, only to be confounded by finding that the code of laws in force on the Continent at that time simply didn't envisage such a possibility and had no formula for it. The British code had!

The silliest thing I've done in chess myself went unpunished. I was up against W. A. T. Schelfhout, a dear old Dutchman whose body was perfectly spherical, though he did not sport a runcible hat. I opened 1. P-Q4, he went 1. . . . P-Q4 and I found myself with my queen's knight in my hand! I put it down again and played 1. P-QB4, which was what I had intended, and the game duly proceeded. Only hours later did it dawn on me that he could have made me move my knight instead of the pawn. 2. Kt-QB3 is in the books somewhere, but not for a century has anybody deluded himself into thinking it is even remotely as good as 2. P-QB4.

Adjournment time, at the end of a four-hour or five-hour session, is a favourite time for crazy mistakes. Whoever has to move writes down his move secretly, so that neither he nor his opponent shall be able to decide on a move in practically unlimited time on his own. Gurnhill, of Sheffield, "sealing" a move in this way in a Blackpool tournament, worked out a beautiful winning line something like this: "I play P×Pch; he is forced to reply P×P, then I go R-R6 and win his queen." He proceeded, however, to write down R-R6 as his next move—though it was quite unplayable in the immediate position. On resumption, his explanations were unavailing. "You have sealed an impossible move!" said his opponent. "You forfeit the game!"

Reverting to Milner-Barry's slip, I suggest that if you are an amateur psychologist (who isn't?) with plenty of time on your hands (who has?), you might turn up that game from last week and try to deduce, from what internal evidence the game itself offers, when he made that harmless illegal move.



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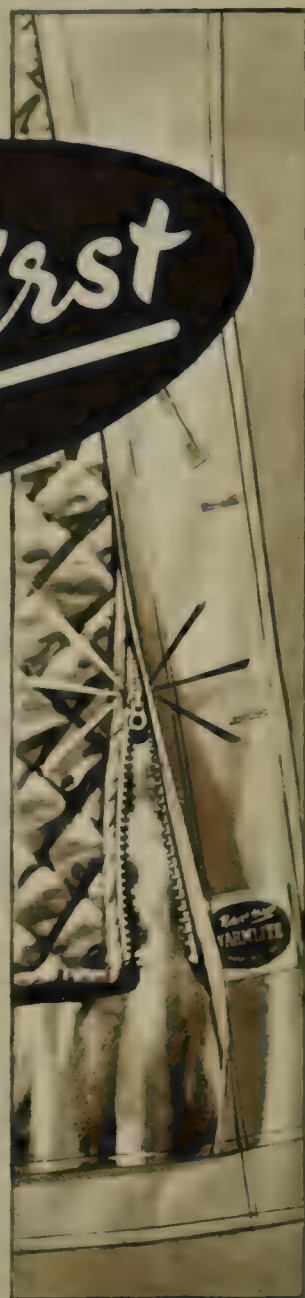
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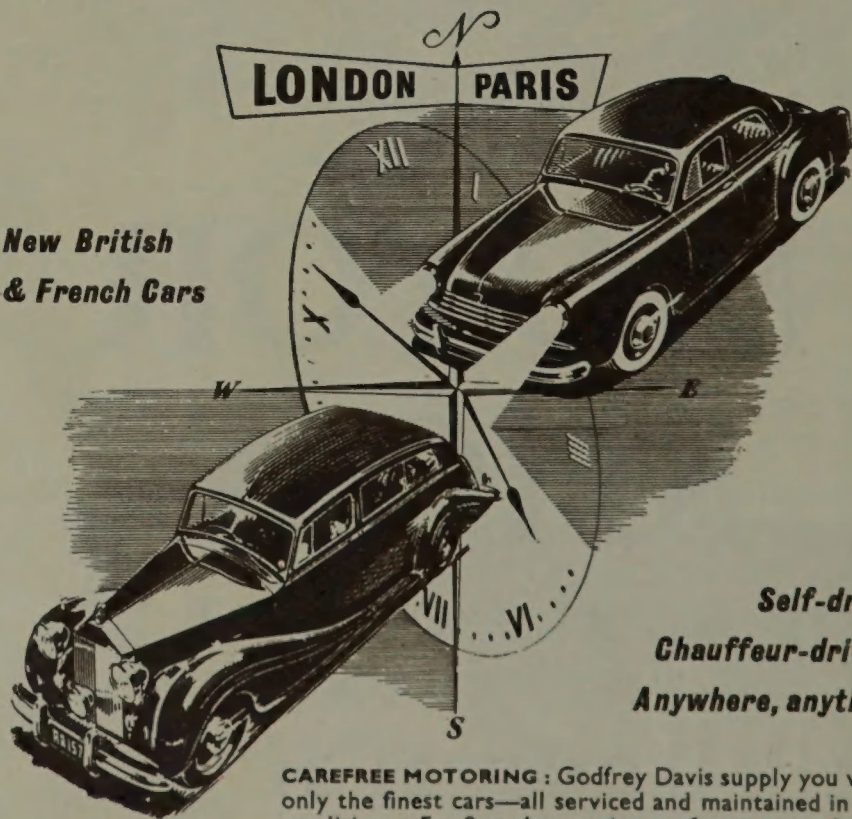
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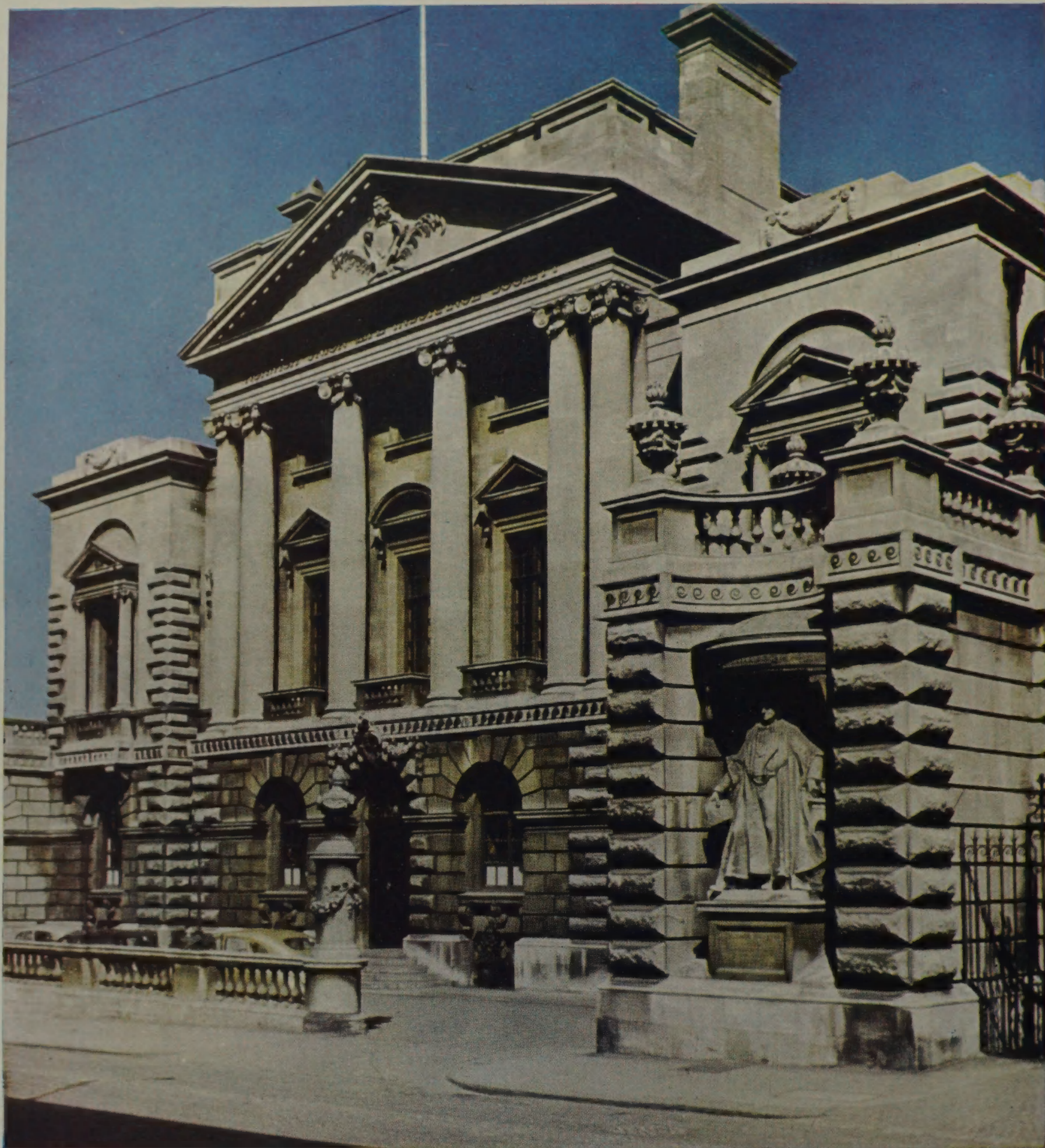
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